WORLD SOCCER

OCTOBER 1967

TWO SHILLINGS and SIXPENCE

Kalman Meszoly
Captain of Hungary

Bukta

COVERS THE WHOLE WORLD OF SPORT!

BUKTA SPORTSWEAR IS WORN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD WHEREVER BRITISH SPORTS ARE PLAYED. PERHAPS THAT IS WHY MORE FAMOUS TEAMS HAVE WORN BUKTA DURING THE PAST 75 YEARS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE.

Ask for your copy of the new Bukta full colour World Cup Catalogue of football outfits showing over 1,000 different colour combinations.

It is available at your local sports outfitter.

Forthcoming Events—OCTOBER

Championship dominates

THE European Championship dominates the international scene this month with a string of vital matches which could settle some of the qualification problems. In the British Group, the Scots hold a slight advantage over England, after their Wembley win last season. Both England and Scotland start favourites against Wales and Northern Ireland though even dropping one point could be vital. If either team is going to slip up it seems more likely to be the temperamental Scots, though it seems likely that the winners of this group will not be known until after the Scotland-England clash which has been brought forward to February this season to conform with UEFA regulations.

Perhaps the most critical game of all is the West Germany-Yugoslavia match in Hamburg where anything less than a clear victory will put an end to German hopes. After beating Albania 6-0, West Germany went down 1-0 to Yugoslavia in Belgrade last May, and after the visit to Hamburg the Yugoslavs have only to meet Albania (at home). Traditionally, the Germans have an edge over Yugoslavia, and they prepare for the Hamburg clash with a game ten days earlier against France in Berlin. For Yugoslavia this will be the first international of the season, and presumably they will warm-up against club sides, and perhaps the key to the result will hinge on whether or not the Yugoslavs based abroad—Jusufi (Frankfurt), Skoblar (Hannover), Takac (Rennes) are available.

In the Czechoslovakia, Spain, Eire, Turkey group the last two have already dropped vital points and here the issue seems to depend on the two games between Czechoslovakia and Spain, which are both played this month. Neither side has been impressive during the last eighteen months though on paper the record of the Czechs is slightly better. On balance it seems probable that each team will win its home game—the Czechs being stronger in defence and the Spaniards slightly sharper in attack.

For East Germany too this is a vital month for after dropping a silly point (1-1) away to Denmark and in serious danger of defeat in Budapest (in September) their home games with Denmark and Hungary will be vital. The Danes could be swamped at Leipzig but the Hungarians, now adept at the catenaccio game will not fall so easily. Much depends on the result of the match at the Nepstadion and the manner in which it is played for if there is any hint of unpleasantness in the first clash, the return could be a real fight.

The Hungarians revealed their major deficiency recently when they narrowly beat Holland in Budapest. The Dutchmen, eager for a prestige-boosting win got stuck-in in the accepted West European sense and almost sparked off a minor war. Unable by their nature to respond with vigorous tackling, the Hungarians retaliated the only way they know . . . with fouls. The East Germans are going to present a similar challenge to Albert & Co., and I have serious doubts about the Hungarians' ability to meet it. Much will depend on the referee (and where he comes from) for there is a great gulf between the interpretations of what constitutes a foul in East and West Europe.

The Russians will no doubt be hoping to sew up their qualification this month, and after having their players together for a six week stint recently the FA will almost certainly sack manager Mikhail Jakuschin if they don't.

In 1967, the Russians have beaten Scotland 2-0 (in Glasgow), Mexico 2-0, France 4-2 (in Paris), Austria 4-3, Greece 4-0 and drawn 2-2 in a very "friendly" friendly against a Scandinavian XI. On top of this they have kept their team in being by fielding almost the international side in Olympics matches against Poland in August, and withdrawn the top players from league play for several lengthy periods. Clearly the Russians mean business.

Although it's difficult to imagine Finland, Greece or Austria eliminating Russia, it seems very likely that Jakuschin's squad are going to be pressed to near-peak performances against Austria in Vienna and Greece in Athens. Before these games they have a friendly warm up against Switzerland in Moscow and a week later are due in Sofia to meet Bulgaria in another friendly. From Sofia the Russians will fly direct to Vienna where the Austrians should be fairly confident after holding their opponents to 4-3 in Moscow. Even the Greeks should have a fair degree of confidence for, though they finally lost 4-0 in Moscow, they held out until the 50th minute.

Poland are again going through a promising phase and should be optimistic about their trip to Brussels. After beating Belgium 3-1 in Warsaw the Poles hammered Finland 7-2 after the Finns had scored first in the third minute, and topped this by holding near full strength Russian squads to 0-1 and 1-2 in Moscow. Though officially Olympics matches both sides were near full international teams, but if Poland fails in Brussels it will not be the first time they have collapsed after a promising run of success.

If Belgium lose at home to Poland the clash with France might well end their European Championship hopes, for France under new management can only improve and generally have a good record against Belgium. This match will be played at Nantes where a good crowd will probably ensure that future big matches are spread around the provinces. This decision has been forced on the French Federation for outside Paris the only heavy centre of population is Marseille where international receipts have not been good. With Paris now lacking a First Division team, and the Parc du Princes closed while part of the ground is demolished for a new auto-route, another venue had to be found. With several Nantes FC players likely to be chosen, it seems unlikely that the choice will prove to have been a bad one.

★ ERIC BATTY

THE MONTH'S MATCHES

Russia v. Switzerland (Moscow)	1
Czechoslovakia v. Spain (Prague)*	
Denmark v. Holland (Copenhagen)*	4
West Germany v. Yugoslavia (Hamburg)*	7
Belgium v. Poland (Brussels)*	8
Hungary v. Rumania (Budapest)	
Bulgaria v. Russia (Sofia)	
East Germany v. Denmark (Leipzig)*	11
Austria v. Russian (Vienna)*	15
Wales v. England (Cardiff)*	21
N. Ireland v. Scotland (Belfast)*	
Spain v. Czechoslovakia (Madrid)*	22
France v. Belgium (Nantes)*	28
Poland v. Rumania (Chorzow)	29
East Germany v. Hungary (Leipzig)*	
Greece v. Russia (Athens)*	31

The Czechs are hoping that this man—Skoblar—will be released to play for them in their vital European Championship match against West Germany this month. (Met. 2.)

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

World Soccer

SUTHERLAND HOUSE - 5-6 ARGYLL STREET
LONDON, W.1., ENGLAND GER 3231

Editor:
JACK ROLLIN

October contents

		Page
Forthcoming Events	*Eric Batty*	2
Merger Afoot in The States	*Colin Jose*	4
Inflated Transfers Are Rife	*Arthur Rotmil*	6
Goalkeepers' Rule Under Fire	*Tom Jagger*	8
Top Team Penarol	*Eric Batty*	9
Around The World Stories		10
Top Four Defeated	*Gordon Jeffery*	12
Australian News	*Andrew Dettre*	14
Eire Round-Up	*Tom Muldowney*	15
Tighter Marking Outdates Wall Pass	*Eric Batty*	16
South American Commentary	*Gordon Jeffery*	18
Open Letters	*Brian Glanville*	20
World Diary	*Roger Macdonald*	22
European Commentary	*Gordon Jeffery*	24
Scottish News	*John Stone*	26
Magyars Thrash Austria!	*Leslie Vernon*	27
Fairs' Cup Preview	*Arthur Rotmil*	28
I Detest British Soccer	*Keir Radnedge*	29
English Review	*Leslie Page*	30
Raymond Kopa Interview	*Roger Macdonald*	32
Mexico Win in Winnipeg	*Colin Jose*	34
That Price of Fame	*Keir Radnedge*	35
West German Newsletter	*Arthur Rotmil*	36
Irish News	*Colin McAlpin*	38
East Germany's Man of Destiny	*Joachim Pfitzner*	40
New-Look Inter To Surprise	*Keir Radnedge*	41
Rudi Illovsky Interview	*Leslie Vernon*	42
Man In The Middle's Views	*Sidney Clarkson*	43

WORLD SOCCER is published monthly by Echo Publications (London) Ltd., Sutherland House, 5-6 Argyll Street, London, W.1, England. Situated at this address are the magazine's Editorial, Advertising and Publishing offices. Printed by The Carlton Press, The Broadway, Chesham, Bucks.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS will be gladly received for consideration, providing such items (articles or photographs) are accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility will be accepted for the return of manuscripts or photographs if this condition is not observed. The Editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or injury during transit.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES for One Year are as follows: £1 15s. 0d. (U.S.A. and Canada 6 dollars).

OVERSEAS CIRCULATION: Agents in all countries are urgently needed to help develop the circulation of WORLD SOCCER. Distributing organisations and individual circulation specialist interested in handling WORLD SOCCER at very favourable terms should contact The Circulation Manager, WORLD SOCCER, Sutherland House, 5-6 Argyll Street, London, W.1.

ADVERTISING: Rate Card and details supplied on application to Advertisement Director.

OCTOBER WORLD SOCCER 1967
VOL. 8 No. 1

NEW LINE PUTS Gola AHEAD

Light, strong, swift—scientifically designed for the modern game with the expert advice of top Managers and Trainers. Gola—today's great name in British Football Boots.

GOLA 886 FOOTBALL BOOT. Stylish all black uppers cut in one piece from top quality glove-like full grain hide. Lined with strong kid leather. Long tongue with slotted tongue-lock. Soft toecap, Sponge-padded tongue, insole and collar. Side and back lace loops. 12 stud moulded rubber sole in green. Sizes and half sizes 6—12 **89/6.**

GOLA 885 FOOTBALL BOOT. As 886 but with all-nylon sole fitted 6 nylon screw in studs. Sizes and half sizes 6—12, **107/6d.**

GOLA 840 SPECIAL HARD GROUND FOOTBALL BOOT. Immensely durable gristle rubber sole with its five forepart holes and 2 heel holes to give strong suction grip on the hardest grounds. Rubber toeguard designed to resist hard weather wear. Hide uppers. Sponge padded collar, tongue and insole. Sizes and half sizes 4—5½, **51/6; 6—12, 61/6.**

GOLA "PACEMAKER" FOOTBALL BOOT. This popular model is an even greater favourite than ever before with its new line and seamless toe. Black grained leather upper and exclusive Gola white instep straps. Sponge padded collar, tongue and insole. Black 12 stud sole. Sizes: 2—5, 35/6d.; 6—12, 42/6d.

GOLA SPORTS BAG. Size 16" x 11" x 5". Made of hard-wearing canvas in Gola Green and White. Zip fastener, strong metal fittings. Plastic interior compartment holds boots and soiled clothes. Shoulder strap can be shortened for hand carrying, **25/-.**

The Gola Range comprising Football Boots, Rugby Boots, Track Shoes, Training Shoes, Cross Country Shoes and Cricket Boots is on view at leading Sports and Shoe shops.

Made by BOTTERILLS of BOZEAT, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

Main Distributors: J. Langdon & Sons Ltd., Duke Street, Liverpool 1. Phone: Royal 8571.

NORTH AMERICAN SECTION

MERGER AFOOT IN THE STATES

by COLIN JOSE

THE long drawn out saga of the National Professional Soccer League versus FIFA and the United States Soccer Football Association continues, with various statements being made by all the parties concerned. Put all the statements together and you have contradiction and confusion.

Added to the confusion are the talks between the NPSL and the United Soccer Association, regarding a merger of the two leagues.

One of the major obstacles to the merger is the cities where there are teams in both leagues.

It would still seem likely, however, that the proposed merger is likely to come about before the NPSL receives recognition, even though the NPSL is now reported to be willing to pay the $25,000 affiliation fee the national associations are asking.

The recent furore over the game between Atletico Portuguesa of Brazil and the New York Generals of the NPSL scheduled for Yankee Stadium, New York, and cancelled the day before it was due to be played is hardly likely to help the NPSL enlist FIFA help in its dispute with the USSFA.

A stern warning of threatened suspension from FIFA through the Brazilian FA to the Atletico Portuguesa club brought about the cancellation of the game. FIFA regulations state quite clearly, as do the rules of the national associations around the world, that affiliated clubs are liable to suspension and other penalties if they play games against non-affiliated clubs.

This rule is understood and obeyed without question from the smallest village team to the world's greatest clubs, all the parties involved in the arrangement of this fixture must have been well aware of this before the contract was drawn up, so therefore this was a deliberate attempt to flout the rules of the world organisation.

The subsequent indignant outbursts by the officials of the leagues and the clubs fooled nobody, for if these men did not know the regulations then they should not be in soccer administration.

In the past I have often been critical of the part being played by the news media in the development of soccer in North America.

Now it gives me great pleasure to report that in one city the news services have given soccer the coverage it needs if it is to become a major sport here.

The city is Baltimore, where local TV station WJZ-TV is giving live coverage to five of the away games of the Baltimore Bays this season. The games are fully sponsored, and interest is being shown in extending the coverage next season.

In addition a Baltimore radio station covers all away games, while the Baltimore papers send reporters to away games as well as the home ones and do not rely on the Associated Press as so many papers do when their teams are playing out of town.

This is also a tribute to the Baltimore club whose administration are to a large degree responsible for this, other clubs and cities might well take a leaf out of the Baltimore notebook.

The March issue of WORLD SOCCER contained an article by Clive Toye, general manager of the Baltimore Bays, and in it he wrote hopefully of the players he had signed for his club. With Baltimore currently leading the Eastern Division of the NPSL and looking a sure bet to finish that way it would seem that his judgement along with that of coach Doug Millward has been to a large part responsible for the success of the Bays.

At the time of writing they lead the Philadelphia Spartans by 30 points. In a recent game with the St. Louis Stars they lined up in 4-3-3 formation: Adlington; Badu, Zemaria, Primo, Speca; Viollet, Santisteban, Uriel (Nelio); St. Vil, Klasson (Azevedo), Art Welsh.

St. Louis, badly hit by injuries but still clinging to second place in the Western Division, fielded the following team: Topolovic; Nowak, Popovich, Kalicanin, Tojasic; Markovic (McBride), Tasic; Gentile, Sekularac, Kostic, Pogrzeba.

After dropping a 1-3 decision to Baltimore the Stars limped into Toronto for a game with the Falcons. They were in such bad shape that Harry Smits, their Dutch masseur, had to play for them, yet somehow they managed a 1-0 victory.

The other four teams in the Eastern Division are all bunched close together, but Atlanta and Pittsburgh cannot mathematically catch the Bays.

Pittsburgh, who made most of the running early in the season, have slipped badly since mid-season. Part of their trouble can be traced to a leaky defence for they have conceded more goals than anyone else, and yet no team has scored more goals than the Phantoms. Another part of their trouble has been that of coaches.

Pittsburgh have had four different coaches in four months, and all of different nationality. The present one is Pepe Gruber, who took over the job when the job of player-coach became too much for Co Prins.

In hand

In the Western Division the California Clippers lead St. Louis by 24 points but the Clippers have a game in hand. Neither Los Angeles or Toronto can catch the team from Oakland, or appear likely to challenge St. Louis or Chicago who are fighting it out for second place.

St. Louis coach Rudi Gutendorf got himself a top notch player and a pile of trouble when he signed Yugoslav international Dragoslav Sekularac from Karlsruhe for about $25,000.

Sekularac, problem boy of Yugoslav soccer for many years, has had his name taken in both games I have seen him play in, and this brings an automatic fine. Only St. Louis captain Carl Gentile saved him from further trouble in the game with Baltimore, when he stepped between Sekularac and referee Eddie Pearson.

Ten Goals —Top Man

STATISTICS released by the United Soccer Association show that Cagliari centre-forward Roberto Boninsegna was the leading goalscorer in the mini-league with ten goals in the nine games he played.

The league also awarded assists on goals scored in much the same way as it is done in ice hockey. The difference being that the USA awarded two points for a goal.

Individual Scoring

	Gms.	Gls.	Assts.	Pts.
Roberto Boninsegna, Cagliari	**9**	**10**	**1**	**21**
Henk Houwaart, A.D.O.	12	9	2	20
Paulo Borges, Bangu	8	6	3	15
Peter Dobing, Stoke City	8	7	0	14
Rene Pas, A.D.O.	9	6	2	14
Peter Cormack, Hibernian	11	6	1	13
Benedicto Ribeiro, Cerro	12	5	2	12
Colin Stein, Hibernian	8	5	1	11
Jim Storrie, Aberdeen	12	5	1	11
Aladim Luciano, Bangu	12	4	2	10
Ernie Hunt, Wolves	10	4	2	10
Jackie Graham, Dundee Utd.	11	4	2	10
Frank O'Neill, Shamrock Rovers	12	3	4	10

Perhaps of more importance for the future are the list of attendances, and in this there are some interesting figures, and some unexpected ones.

Each team played six home games in the regular schedule and recorded the following totals and averages.

	Total	*Average*
Houston Stars	118,816	19,803
Dallas Tornados	55,358	9,226
New York Skyliners	52,596	8,758
Washington Whips	46,956	7,826
Los Angeles Wolves	46,660	7,776
Vancouver Canadians	42,113	7,019
Toronto City	41,538	6,943
Cleveland Stokers	36,501	6,048
Detroit Cougars	34,247	5,708
San Francisco Gales	32,531	5,422
Chicago Mustangs	25,239	4,206
Boston Shamrocks	25,025	4,171

Immediately one notices that Houston more than doubled the attendance of the next highest team. It is also noticeable that the top attendances were recorded by the two Texas teams, which is hardly the place one would have thought of as being a hotbed of soccer interest.

This is also odd considering that neither of the teams representing the cities of the "Lone Star State" did particularly well on the field.

To a certain degree one can write off a percentage of the attendance at the Houston Astrodome as being the attraction of the building itself. (Any event at the indoor arena attracts a good crowd even bloodless bullfighting.) But one cannot say the same for the Cotton Bowl 225 miles to the north in Dallas.

New York placed third largely on the strength of the attendance at their opening game (21,871) while Washington and Los Angeles drew consistent crowds. Toronto had poor attendances apart from two games, one against Aberdeen and one against Cagliari.

Of the other cities in the league the low attendance at Vancouver was the most disappointing. Although Sunderland did not have a good season, a lot of soccer is played in the Vancouver area and one would have expected more interest.

Chicago on the combined strength of their attendances in the USA, the NPSL and in exhibition games ranks as probably the poorest city for soccer support in the United States.

It might have been thought that success or the visits of certain teams would have had an effect on attendances, but apart from the visit of Cagliari to Toronto this was not true. Toronto on the strength of this might have recorded the highest attendance of all had an Italian team been based there.

The weather made some effect on the figures and in particular rain, for few North American stadiums offer any cover, and this was responsible for the lowest attendance of the season at Detroit to see Glentoran play Shamrock Rovers when only 648 were present.

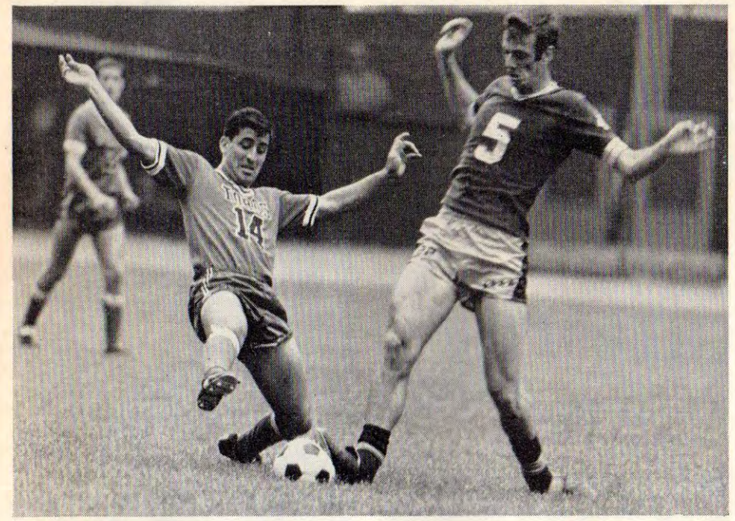
Following the USA final the league announced its all star team, and it was notable for the absence of any Wolves' players. It seems that most of the Wolves' success was attributed to Ronnie Allen, who was named top coach.

The team in 3-3-4 fashion was named as Clark (Aberdeen); Mario Tito (Bangu), Fidelis (Bangu), Stanton (Hibernian); McMillan (Aberdeen), Clemente (Bangu), Baxter (Sunderland); Dobing (Stoke City), Eastham (Stoke City), Vernon (Stoke City), Paulo Borges (Bangu).

The odd thing about this team is that Pat Stanton, normally a right-half, was selected at left-back. Stanton played well for Hibernian throughout the season, but if anyone deserved all star status it was Hibernian regular left-back and captain Joe Davis.

Malnio Scopigno voted coach of the year in Italy last year by a poll of sports writers was fired by the Cagliari club, possibly as a result of the riot in Toronto in June.

Scopigno has been widely blamed for inciting the riot by rushing on to the field to join his players in disputing a Hibernian goal. After a violent argument with referee Art King, Scopigno ordered his players off the field with 10 minutes still to play. The fans then rushed on to the field and attacked the referee.



Ronald Mata (14), centre half-back of L.A. Toros club, lunges for ball alongside Luis Cesar Menotti (5), New York General forward. Menotti was formerly of Rosario Central and Boca Jr., Argentina. (B.J.)

Here are some additions to the table printed in the July 1967 World Soccer showing players currently appearing with National Professional Soccer League clubs

G—Goalkeeper D—Defender A—Attacker

	Pos.	NATION	SOME PREVIOUS CLUBS
ATLANTA CHIEFS			
Delroy Scott	D	Jamaica	Cavaliers (Kingston)
Henry Laghie	D		Sudbury Italia
BALTIMORE BAYS			
Terry Adlington	G	England	Torquay United
Badu De Cruz	D	Brazil	Canto do Rio
Lief Klasson	A	Sweden	I.F.K Gothenburg
Karl Minor	A	Australia	West Ham
Goucho Tejada	D	Argentina	Corunna, Velez Sarsfield
Jose Maria dos Santos	D	Brazil	
CALIFORNIA CLIPPERS			
Mario Baesso	A	Brazil	Sonsonate (El Salvador)
Noel Crawford	A		Limon (Costa Rica)
Momcilo Gavric	D	Yugoslavia	O.F.K. Belgrade
Trond Hoftvedt	D	Sweden	
Roy Lunniss	D	England	Luton Town, Portsmouth, Crystal Palace
Edgar Marin	A	Costa Rica	Deportivo Saprissa (San Jose)
Barry Rowan	A	England	Millwall
Ademar Saccone	A	Brazil	Atletico Marte (San Salvador)
Melvin Scott	D	England	Brentford, Chelsea
CHICAGO SPURS			
Eric Barber	A	Eire	Birmingham City
Iris De Brito	A	Brazil	Inter-Milan, New York Generals
Gino De Robertis	A	Italy	Bari
Nick Krat	D	United States	Michigan State
Willie Roy	A	United States	Hansa (Chicago)
Ernie Winchester	A	Scotland	Aberdeen
Pat O'Connor	D		Kilmarnock
LOS ANGELES TOROS			
Lucio Calonga	D	Argentina	River Plate, Huracan, Emelec
Ronald Crisp	D	England	Brentford, Watford
Dragan Djukic	A	Yugoslavia	Red Star, Radnicki
Eli Durante	A	Brazil	Flamengo, Emelec (Guayaquil)
Cirilo Fernandez	A	Uruguay	Emelec (Guayaquil)
Herbert Lenzinger	D	Austria	Rapid (Vienna)
Ronald Mata	D	Costa Rica	Deportivo Saprissa (San Jose)
Mihalj Mesaros	A	Yugoslavia	Partizan
Miroslav Milovanovic	D	Yugoslavia	O.F.K. Belgrade
Lothar Spranger	G	Germany	Montebello (Los Angeles)
Novak Tomic	D	Yugoslavia	Hajduk, Red Star
Helmut Weiss	D	United States	Los Angeles Kickers
NEW YORK GENERALS			
Warren Archibald	A	Trinidad	St. Benedict College
Leroy De Leon	A	Trinidad	St. Benedict College
Herbert Finken	D	Germany	Tasmania 1900, Pittsburgh Phantoms
Roy Hartle	D	England	Bolton Wanderers
George Kirby	A	England	Southampton, Walsall, Everton, Sheff. Wednesday
Jan Steadman	D	Trinidad	St. Benedict College
Henrik Vestergaard	D	Denmark	
PHILADELPHIA SPARTANS			
John Best	D	England	Liverpool, Tranmere Rovers
John Barodiak	D	Argentina	San Lorenzo, Newark Sitch
Alberto Diego	D	Argentina	Chacarita Juniors, Santa Fe
Oscar Ferreyra	D	Argentina	River Plate, Celeya-Deportivo Cali (Columbia)
Jorge Garcia	A	Uruguay	Penarol, Deportivo Lima
Laslo Kaszas	D	Hungary	Real Madrid, Espanol
Ernesto Lopera	G	Columbia	National Athletic, Cucuta S.C.
Ricardo Pegnotti	D	Argentina	Chacarita Juniors, Sporting Cristal (Lima)
Peter Short	D	England	Wolves, Newark Sitch
Tibor Szalay	A	Hungary	Seville, Barcelona
Philip Tinney	A	Scotland	Dundee, Liverpool, Heracles
Jose Vidal	A	Spain	Real Madrid
PITTSBURGH PHANTOMS			
Bertes Hoogerman	G	Netherlands	DWS Amsterdam
ST LOUIS STARS			
Thor Beck	A		Rouen
Miguel De Lima	G	Brazil	Millionarios (Bogota)
Aldrick MacNab	A	Jamaica	Montego Bay
Pat McBride	A	United States	St. Louis Billikens
Dragoslav Sekularac	A	Yugoslavia	Red Star, Karlsruhe
TORONTO FALCONS			
Juan Benegas	G	Spain	Sabadell
Ken Bracewell	D	England	Burnley
Bill Burelli	D	Italy	Lanerossi, Juventus, Varese
Ladislav Kubala	A	Spain	Barcelona
Tony Kuk	D	Italy	Atalanta
Oscar Lopez	A	Argentina	Lanus, River Plate, Nacional (Colombia)
Bernard Vargas	D	Argentina	Talleros Cordoba

Inflated transfers are rife

ANOTHER football season has begun in most European countries, with soccer-starved fans crowding the turnstiles in eager anticipation, gleefully shared by the clubs' treasurers.

In those countries where the game has developed into a commercial undertaking and is gradually obliterating its original concept—that of a sporting pastime—we are once again treated to the spectacle of players bought and sold like merchandise over the counter, frequently over-valued, where the "market" has reached inflationary proportions. But whereas in most professionally organised soccer lands like Italy or West Germany, there are limits on periods for transfers—in Italy for example, during off-season till mid-July, then for a fortnight in November, while in Germany only for one month between June 1 and June 30—and no player is allowed to move outside this time limit, until the end of the season, though in mid-March there are limitations applicable to clubs engaged in championship or relegation battles. An additional clause in the rules foresees generously that so-called Cup-tied players may not turn out for another team, once they have played in a Cup match for their original side.

And so, from now on, you can read the soccer Stock Exchange gossip in most newspapers, particularly in those who invariably complain and whine over lack of space! Players are changing clubs, the clubs are changing players. Rumours, predictions, alleged eavesdropping followed by denials flourish on the sports (?) pages. We are informed that player "A" is negotiating with club "X". But clubs "Y" and "Z" are also interested in "A". Then, surprise, surprise, all remains as it was. The player signs for his old club, only his wages are higher and in addition he pockets, often a handsome sum, which they call a "signing-on-bonus". I can think of a better description: under-counter payment! In no other European country do the sporting scribes test their readers' patience with such a flood of conflicting stories concerning player-movements as in England, the motherland of soccer. But even the most conscientious reporter is often baffled in his search for real truth behind some of the shady deals, which appear to have become part and parcel of the game. In addition, many clubs and players blatantly use the sportswriters as sort of publicity agents—whose services incidentally are free!

Let's concentrate on player "A". He never had any intention of leaving his club, all he wants is some extra cash. In the colourful lingo of the soccer fraternity it simply means: "He is putting the screws on". By publicising the "fact" that he is unhappy, or that this or other club are after him. And hey, bingo, next day you read what amounts to an advertisement: Player "A" will strengthen club "X". With this propaganda salvo—player "A" here, player "A" there—his own club are blackmailed into submission, into increased financial demands.

Clubs too, use these tactics. One of them wants to sell for example, player "B". "The managers are queueing up," they announce slyly, rubbing their hands behind their back. "Several clubs are battling for the signature of our goalscoring genius." The intention is obvious: to raise the price of this particular piece of footballing flesh. But when will the popular press learn that they are only being used by unscrupulous merchants whose methods cannot fool the sporting public for ever. When will they realise that the fans are crying out for more *sporting* news, not price lists for two-legged soccer nonentities.

Why not report only on those transfers which are transacted honestly and—even more important—have actually taken place? Why not devote that misused space to other news—say, on international football. Or maybe it is beyond some of our reporters to find other soccer stories or to inform the readers on what goes on elsewhere in the world?

In that case the Sports Editors should get smart, get with it—and get some new reporters!

RECORD TRANSFERS

NOW that the principal transactions have been completed in all Continental countries, it is possible to bring up to date the list of the highest fees ever paid. In 1963 Roma paid a world record fee for Brazilian-born Angelo Benedetto Sormani who is pictured on the opposite page and who now plays for AC Milan, while this season the costliest player proved to be Danish-born centre-forward Harald Nielsen who moved from Bologna to Inter-Milan.

Player	*From*	*To*	*Fee*
Sormani	Mantova	Roma	£243,000
Rosato	Torino	AC Milan	£231,000
Del Sol	Real Madrid	Juventus	£220,000
De Paoli	Brescia	Juventus	£196,000
Amarildo	Botofogo	AC Milan	£183,000
Meroni	Genova	Torino	£174,000
Peiró	Atletico Madrid	Torino	£170,000
Altafini	Palmeiras	AC Milan	£165,000
Suarez	Barcelona	Inter	£160,000
Angelillo	Inter	Roma	£138,000
Domengini	Atalanta	Inter	£138,000
Schnellinger	Roma	AC Milan	£138,000
Nielsen	Bologna	Inter	£130,000
Law	Torino	Manchester United	£115,000
Julinho	Fiorentina	Palmeiras	£115,000
Ball	Blackpool	Everton	£110,000
Matosas	Peñarol	River Plate	£110,000

SALUTE MADRID

IF I were to nominate the "Team of the Year" now, then my vote would go unhesitatingly to Spain's Atletico de Madrid.

Consider the incredible and well nigh fantastic story of their player Miguel Martinez who in his third game for the club, during a tour of South America, was hit on the head by an opposing player so tragically, that he lost consciousness. He was immediately transferred to a hospital, then flown to Madrid on the next available plane. The best doctors took care of him but in vain and since that fateful collision Martinez is still in a coma. There he lies, for three years now—not quite dead, but not really alive either.

During those three years, Atletico have been paying his wages, the hospital charges and the doctor's fees. The club's officials are looking after his wife and three-year-old son, whom he has never seen and as far as they are concerned, Martinez still belongs to the club although he played only three times for them. Now the contract has ended. No one knows how long he will remain in this condition, no one can tell if he will ever regain consciousness. The club are under no obligation to help Martinez because his contract has not been renewed.

But Atletico Madrid have generously retained on their books "The Man in a Coma" and gave him a new contract—until the day he wakes up. . .

CURIOSITY CORNER

ACCORDING to the latest bulletin of the European Football Union, the 33 affiliated countries have a registered total of nearly 11 million players.

More than half of them come from two countries, namely the Soviet Union—with 3.8 million, and West Germany who boast 2.3 million active players. England are third with 750,000.

Most noticeable are the tremendous differences which exist between the number of clubs in relation to the figures of registered players. Not in Russia or West Germany, but in England does one find the largest number of clubs (25,250) followed by West Germany (15,380), France (10,330), Italy (7,342) and Czechoslovakia (6,776). But in Russia, the 3.8 million players are concentrated in only 37 (!) clubs, each one, naturally, a mammoth organisation. Only Malta and Cyprus have fewer clubs! The Soviets boast however the biggest number of trained referees—180,000. Next comes West Germany with 30,193 followed by England—15,000. On the other hand 580,000 Dutch players are served by only 8,833 officials.

This table—arranged in order of player contingents—gives an interesting insight into the soccer set-up of European nations:

FA	*No of clubs*	*Players*	*Ratio per population*
Soviet Union	37	3,820,000	1:62
West Germany	15,380	2,345,793	1:23
England	25,250	750,000	1:60
Holland	4,947	577,690	1:21
France	10,330	517,468	1:95
East Germany	5,098	394,875	1:50
Czechoslovakia	6,776	330,840	1:43
Poland	2,408	285,000	1:100
Yugoslavia	4,090	226,600	1:80
Italy	7,342	205,430	1:260
Austria	1,515	200,000	1:35
Denmark	1,500	180,000	1:28
Bulgaria	985	150,000	1:55
Sweden	3,050	140,000	1:53
Hungary	3,215	109,810	1:90
Belgium	2,255	105,000	1:90
Rumania	2,861	96,520	1:190
Switzerland	1,085	80,500	1:70
Turkey	1,920	79,545	1:400
Spain	2,408	65,528	1:520
Norway	1,150	60,000	1:21
Scotland	2,500	50,000	1:105
Greece	1,020	49,226	1:190
Wales	1,074	28,069	1:95
Finland	610	25,984	1:190
Portugal	583	25,682	1:400
Albania	1,152	16,900	1:110
Eire	—	16,000	1:180
Northern Ireland	620	12,500	1:120
Luxembourg	178	11,180	1:30
Cyprus	25	8,200	1:75
Malta	36	2,400	1:150
Iceland	40	2,000	1:100

SEARCHING THE SOCCER SCENE with Arthur Rotmil

HUNGARIAN PAPRIKA

IF you ever visit Budapest, make sure you find the Cafe Hungaria in the Lenin utca. There, you can discuss football to your heart's content. Just ask the nearest guest who in his opinion is better, Florian Albert or Ferenc Puskas and immediately you are involved in a debate in which the customers from neighbouring tables plus the waiters will join in, and after an hour you can get the feeling that you are one of the locals.

You will probably hear many differing views concerning the decline of Hungarian football since the political upheaval in 1956. The most original I have heard is that increased prosperity has something to do with it. The man who advanced this profound opinion ordered another coffee to strengthen his argument. I found it so touching. This is what they call prosperity here. But perhaps the most interesting gossip concerns Janos Farkas, last year's top scorer in the Hungarian championship and for the national side.

Nowhere in the world has soccer such theatrical ingredients as in Hungary. Some years ago Farkas was a playboy who would run after every girl and often take to the bottle, but preferably enjoy both. What a shame that such a talented footballer lacked discipline, but then he fell into the hands of Rudolf Illovsky the coach of Vasas Budapest, whose iron fists (some claim literally!) turned the team's black sheep and problem boy into a model sportsman.

Illovsky can have few claims to popularity, even among the fans, for it is said of him that he understands nothing about modern upbringing. If he had a troublesome child then he would rather give it a good hiding than look for a psychiatrist. He reduces football to its simplest form—his opponents claim to its most primitive—and he refuses to acknowledge that there are any secrets to soccer. Everyone agrees however that he is the most uncompromising and toughest manager in the country. But if you think that he has always been a model for all to copy then you would be hopelessly wrong!

On the contrary: Illovsky once led a life just like Farkas. He drank a lot and indulged in everything which tasted gloriously for the moment but inevitably could have had a bitter ending. In addition, he was something of a hooligan. Once he knocked down a man nearly a foot taller than himself. But eventually he discovered his own station in life. One is tempted to describe him as a man who pulled himself out of a quagmire by his own hand. Today he lives only for his work which he regards as a basis for success and his philosophy is that only hard work brings rewards in football.

There is a Hungarian proverb which says: *"Rablobol lesz a legjobb pandur."* It means Out of a gangster you can often make the best policeman.

I also heard about national defender Kaposzta, who frequently cries bitterly during a match. When he realises that defeat is unavoidable, a flood of tears soaks his handsome features. He lives and dies with his team. Isn't it wonderful, this soccer theatre? From tragedy to comedy, this is Hungary.

I shall always remember Puskas, Hidegkuti, Bozsik and the rest, but above all the Cafe Hungaria in the Lenin utca.

CARRIED AWAY?

BRAZILIAN first aid men Romolo Tavares and Fernando Reitas have been banned from every soccer ground in the country. The reason: during a minor league game in Rio they broke the most important rule during a fracas on the field of play.

Instead of waiting to find out whether their services were required, they dashed on to the pitch with their stretcher, knocked down one of the players and carried him off to the dressing room. As they explained afterwards: "He was the roughest character of the lot; that's why we thought he should be put out of action!"

For the time being however, it is the "Self-service" Samaritans who have been put out of action. . .

GOALKEEPERS' RULE UNDER FIRE

Story by TOM JAGGER

GOALKEEPERS are stepping into trouble all over England today.

And fans are getting hot under the collar because their idols are giving away unexpected goals.

It's all because of the new international ruling prohibiting goalkeepers taking more than four steps before releasing the ball.

For years and years, most men between the sticks have jumped this way and that just as many times as they wished before deciding whether to throw the ball away or boot it out of the danger area.

That's all been part of the entertainment of the game. And, because it has always been spiced with danger, it has generally been welcomed by everybody, particularly during a dull game.

A goalkeeper of exceptional agility almost always had the beating of a challenger with smart footwork in a ballet dance that never failed to win rounds of applause.

Big trouble

Now, all that good time is behind us. Everything has changed. From the moment of grabbing the ball the man in the No. 1 spot must never take more than four paces — or there's trouble ahead, and big trouble, too.

Because the penalty for a fifth step is an indirect free kick from the exact spot where the referee checked the goalkeeper for excessive carrying.

I don't know whether the legislators who drafted this new rule troubled themselves about looking ahead, and visualising the results. If they didn't it's a thousand pities.

By now, of course, they'll probably have seen the difficulties which automatically arise every time the poor old goalkeeper gets the count wrong.

But I'm told there is absolutely no chance of the rule being changed again for this winter, at any rate, so we shall just have to sit back and watch the trouble mount until folk will be talking about little else.

Already, managers and players are making it one of their big weekly talks. Forwards are being alerted to the tremendous possibilities accruing from harassing goalkeepers.

And goalkeepers, in their turn, are having sleepless nights counting steps and getting them wrong all the time.

Saving time

In a determined effort to clarify the new rule so that everybody really understands it, the FA have posted over 25,000 circulars of explanation to referees and clubs.

And Secretary Denis Follows says: "We expect League referees to be especially watchful to ensure that the new rule is obeyed, and that being so it will stop time wasting."

But it doesn't. For a start, there is always an argument about the award of a free-kick. The goalkeeper has his say, and the skipper wants his, too, and then there's time spent getting ready for the free-kick.

I watched the rule applied in games between top clubs, non-League clubs, and junior teams, and there was chaos everywhere.

In one game, the award brought the decisive goal and ended with two players being booked for lost tempers.

Twice I have seen the free-kick given almost in the shadow of the bar. Certainly nearer than the penalty spot.

Decisions of that kind by a referee can change a whole game, possibly lose a club the League championship. Anyway, that's how managers are regarding the position, and, of course, planning to deal with it.

Goalkeepers are being lectured on the danger; defenders are being taught special tactics to deal with the dangers of these free-kicks.

Plans

One manager told me: "We have been spending a special hour each day planning defence against an indirect free-kick just in front of the posts, and, alternately, planning ways of scoring from them."

Manchester City goalkeeper Harry Dowd posed a tricky one when he asked: "If you stumble you've lost a couple of steps, and what happens if you grab the ball and fall backwards?"

George Readle, secretary of the Football League Referees' and Linesmen's Association, is anticipating more corners as the season moves along, and points out that players should note it is not referees who are responsible for introducing it.

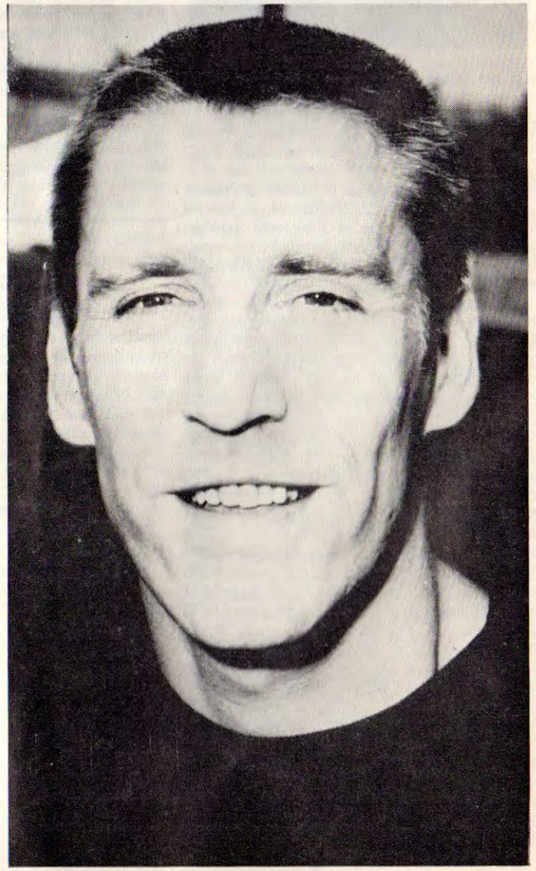
I have spoken to dozens of managers, trainers, skippers and NOT ONE is in favour of the new rule.

Not only do they all object to this restriction because of scoring possibilities, but also because it will stifle goalkeepers who liked to use their own area for setting up fresh attacks.

I'm certain Frank Swift would have openly rebelled against it. He introduced the vital long throw to a winger, and would have had to remodel his ideas.

Wait until we get a goalkeeper sent off for arguing about whether he took more than four steps.

It can happen, you know. When it does there'll be a heck of a row!



HARRY DOWD the Manchester City goalkeeper has his own views on the new rule. (A.)

ERIC BATTY selects his top team for the past year and it's PENAROL

AT this time every year it has been my task to name in order of merit the world's top ten teams. Sometimes it has been a pleasant duty, and often it has been difficult, but for the period under review I find it impossible. The situation which now prevails has not come upon us suddenly, but has been growing for some time. A year ago I declined to name more than six teams—now I will name only one. I do so because I am not prepared to lower my standards and because I am convinced that for the good of the game it must be made clear that winning is not everything.

Not true

The concept that the best team always wins has already been taken much too far and though in theory the champions of any country should be the best it was never necessarily so. Today it is quite definitely not so, though there will be few people who will agree.

To illustrate just how far results influence people I give below some of the nominations made to *Ceskoslovensky Sport* who recently circularised more than a dozen football writers in European countries and asked for their top ten. None of *Ceskoslovensky Sport*'s correspondents contributed any personal ideas. Neither did they reflect upon their personal experiences or on what they had seen. Slavishly, like children asked what is three multiplied by three, they referred to their *multiplication tables* and produced the same answer.

Personal ideas

No matter who the critic or fan might be, anyone who has watched football for some time will inevitably form his own personal ideas about what is good or bad in the game. Some will vow that getting stuck in is the only way to play; others will advocate short passing, and still more will favour "swinging the ball about". Whatever kind of game one prefers will depend upon the experience, intelligence and understanding of the individual concerned. Presumably, it was to obtain a cross-section of different writers' views that *Ceskoslovensky Sport* appealed to foreign correspondents but all they got was assessments based on the results of the 1966–67 European Cup.

Now if the criteria of *Ceskoslovensky Sport* (or WORLD SOCCER readers) is based on the belief that the best teams always win, then all anyone has to do at any given time is to look at the League tables and Cup results. The Czechs could have saved themselves considerable trouble, and football enthusiasts would never need to read the opinions of Eric Batty ... or anyone else. If we want to know which is the best team in England or Spain we merely have to refer to almost any newspaper and look at the League table for the First Division.

If League tables did not lie, the matter would end there, but clearly such things do lie. We asked the question, "Which is the best team in England or Spain?", and assumed that the best teams would be placed at the top of the League table. Perhaps there was a time when the best teams did win, but that time is not now. Today it is generally the toughest, most ruthless teams that are successful, and the artist is no longer better than the artisan. We ask "Which is the best team?" and results give us the answer to a different question.

Consider some of the replies received and published by *Ceskoslovensky Sport*:

HECTOR SILVA (Penarol). (A.)

though I suspect that many fans could produce even more "realistic" tables if they did the job themselves. All you need is the results of the 1966–67 Copa Europa and the League tables for the various national championships.

To my way of thinking the *best* teams in the world should be an example to all others. Of course they are, but the standards the top teams set are not necessarily desirable and it is to be deplored that lesser teams, amateurs and schoolboys should seek to emulate the most successful. They should seek to follow the *best* but not knowing of their folly, they follow the most successful.

Catenaccio

Thus it is that throughout Europe and a large part of South America the game is now dominated by *catenaccio*. The *libero* can be seen everywhere from Budapest to Buenos Aires, and punching, kicking, spitting, threatening, intimidating "players" are now the stars.

Having taken FC Internazionale as my top team on several earlier occasions I should perhaps explain my present attitude towards that club. As I saw Inter, following the decline of Real Madrid, this was the team that would shape the future pattern of the game. Defensive yes, but also methodical and intelligent. As the game swung into line behind them, there were clear signs that Inter were developing a new game that would keep them on top. With Facchetti providing the clearest clue, Inter were committing defensive players in attack *when they had possession*.

Stamina

It has long been apparent to me that this is the pattern of the future, counter-attacking from deep defensive strength, with 90-minute players of skill, intelligence and stamina. Wingers would be called upon to defend; backs would be asked to score goals and as it snowballed we would have crept up towards "the whirl" the numberless, systemless game foreseen by Willi Meisl.

Unfortunately Inter collapsed, but it must be emphasised and understood that their failures against Real Madrid (in 1965–66); CSKA and Celtic (1966–67) and the reverses they suffered in the Italian championship were due to their players and not the method.

If I were asked to name the most successful team in 1966–67; the dirtiest, the toughest, the most ruthless, I could do so, but in all truth I cannot commend any ten teams of the period under review. I can recall only one team which I could describe as an example to be followed. When seen on Eurovision in October, 1966, AC Penarol beat Real Madrid 2-0 at Chamartin and delighted a Continental viewing public of more than 100 million. Though they played with a free-back in the modern manner they came out *en masse* when they had possession ... described by one French critic of renown as *"a Verrou of charm and quality"*.

"A VERROU OF CHARM . . ."

Volkstimme (Austria)

1. Celtic
2. Internazionale
3. Vasas Budapest
4. Bayern Munchen
5. Real Madrid
6. Benfica
7. SC Rapid
8. Dukla
9. CSKA (Bulgaria)
10. Manchester United

Sportul Popular (Rumania)

1. Celtic
2. Internazionale
3. Dukla
4. Real Madrid
5. Ajax
6. Benfica
7. Manchester United
8. Bayern Munchen
9. Ferencvaros
10. Dynamo Zagreb

Naroden Sport (Bulgaria)

1. Celtic
2. Manchester United
3. Bayern Munchen
4. Internazionale
5. Benfica
6. Dynamo Kiev
7. CSKA (Bulgaria)
8. Vasas
9. Ajax
10. Rangers

Anyone who wishes to do so may accept the above rankings,

AROUND THE WORLD STORIES

No title—boss sacked

SPAIN

CF Barcelona maintained their "win the championship first time or go" rule for Roque Olsen, and former Bordeaux boss Salvadore Artigas has now undertaken the impossible. Meanwhile Olsen returns to Real Zaragoza to replace former Czech cap Fernando Daucik. Other new bosses at the start of the campaign are Di Stefano (Elche), Cesar Rodriguez (ex-CFB) who takes charge of Betis, Seville, and his predecessor Antonio Barrios who "crosses the street" to Sevilla FC.

After struggling with the FA and Sports Ministry for more than a year, CF Barcelona have temporarily given up hope of opening the frontiers to foreign-born players and the much boosted Brazilian inside-forward Walter Machado da Silva has gone to Santos for £70,000.

Although foreigners are barred, *oriundi* are acceptable and with proven Spanish parents Real Madrid have been able to sign Argentinian right-winger Perez. Now, however, it seems that Perez is not quite up to Real's standard and the chances are he will be loaned to a French club, probably Marseille. Another legitimate *oriundi* is being pursued by Elche ... centre-forward Eladio Zarate, now top scorer in Chile with Union Espanola. If Elche are successful in persuading Union to part, Zarate could follow Valencia's left-winger Jara, who was born in Paraguay but capped for Spain last season, in spite of the tighter FIFA rules.

The big signing of the new campaign has fallen to Valencia CF, who have engaged RSC Anderlecht centre-half Jorge Cayuela. Spanish born, Cayuela played for Badalona originally and earned EUFA Youth honours for Spain in 1960. Three years later he joined Anderlecht, where he was a regular first-teamer last season, and cost Valencia £30,000.

AUSTRIA

THE most notable signing of the summer dominated by an almost total absence of ready cash was Hans Buzek's trek across Vienna from FK Austria to Wiener Sportklub. With his new club Buzek rejoins two former international colleagues — manager Karl Decker and inside-forward Eric Hof. While SC Rapid are still negotiating for Sweden's Nordahl (Thomas), the son of former Milan centre-forward Gunnar Nordahl, another son of a famous father has already moved to Austria. With Ladislav Kubala off to the USA, his 18-year-old son Branko has joined last season's runners-up Wacker Innsbruck. Much travelled already, Branko has had spells with Arsenal, AC Milan and RCD Espanol, but under Spanish rules was too young last season to play in the league side.

Having transferred Gustav Starek, the top scorer in the First Division last season, to FC Nurnberg, SC Rapid have hit 12 goals in their first two games. Grausam and Denmark's Bjerregaard have each hit four, with Sturm Graz (5-2) and newly promoted Austria Salzburg (7-0) their victims.

While Rapid were hammering Salzburg's promotion heroes, runners-up Wacker Innsbruck (who failed to win the title on goal average) were being beaten 1-0 by unknown Eintracht. Fresh from Division II, Eisenstadt are the first team from Burgenland to play in the top class and, coached by former international left-winger Walter Schleger, pulled in a 10,000 crowd to watch their triumph.

The attendance at Eisenstadt puts the Viennese club's gates to shame, for the Burgenlanders have a population of only 7,000. While they were drawing 10,000 a mere 4,000 went to the Hohe Wart Stadion in the capital to watch the local derby — First Vienna v. Wiener Sportklub.

EAST GERMANY

FC Karl Marx Stadt captain and inside-left Dieter Erler won the "Fussballer des Jahre" award by a big margin from two other current internationals, Henning Frenzel (Lokomotive Leipzig) and Otto Frassdorf (FC Vorwarts). Only 26 years old, Erler has a fine record and with 41 full caps led Karl Marx Stadt to their first championship success last season.

Cup-winners in 1965, 1st FC Magdeburg (formerly Aufbau Magdeburg) were relegated in 1965–66 after taking part in the Cup-Winners' Cup. Going down with a young team enabled them to bounce back first time, however, and now back in the top class after only twelve months they have taken four points from their first three games and look likely to stay up.

Dropping an away point to Lokomotive Leipzig, Karl Marx Stadt allowed FC Hansa Rostock to take over the leadership, with maximum points from three games, while at the wrong end of the table Wismut Aue are already in danger ... alone and pointless.

PORTUGAL

AS usual the Portuguese are the last to start their league campaign, and the official opener is the customary Lisbon Cup for charity. This time the draw is Benfica v. Sporting and Belenenses v. Atletico. Belenenses have recruited four new coloured players from Angola and Mozambique, no doubt hoping to find another "Eusebio" amongst them, while Benfica are virtually unchanged and Sporting have added only left-winger Marinho (ex-Atletico) to their staff. Sporting began their campaign with a 1-1 draw against Real Madrid which brought 40,000 to their Stadio Alavalade.

Mikhail Meskhi—250th League game. (A.)

The two most successful teams of last season, Benfica and Academica, prepared for the new campaign further afield; Academica flying to Venezuela and Benfica visiting Colombia, Ecuador, Paraguay and the USA. Unbeaten on tour, Benfica scored 11 goals in five games with Eusebio claiming nine and the other two going to Torres and Jose Augusto. Torres and Coluna have both fully recovered from their knee operations and former reserve 'keeper Henriques is now firmly installed as the successor to Costa Pereira, who retired in June.

Academica, the team of Coimbra University, did not fare so well on their tour and returned with a number of injuries. Most serious is the broken collar-bone sustained by international inside-forward Rocha, and a knee injury to Serafim (formerly with Benfica), who will have an operation. Artur Jorge, whose goals played a vital part in the club's best ever season — Cup Finalists and second place in the league — was also injured in Venezuela and is likely to be out for a month.

YUGOSLAVIA

SPENDING money with gay abandon during the summer, the top Yugoslav clubs offended many people and surprised government officials by paying big transfer fees and comparatively huge signing-on bonuses. After Olimpija paid Partizan £30,000 for Becejac and Dynamo Zagreb gave Belin a £12,000 cheque to stay with them, Hajduk Split bought international inside-forward Dragan Holzer from Radnicki for £14,000. The government ordered a hasty enquiry to discover where the money came from, for they regularly hand over large sums to subsidise the top clubs who continually plead poverty. Enquiries revealed that the clubs had "borrowed" the money from State-owned banks where they had good contacts. Now it seems likely the government will enforce a total ban on borrowing from any source and end the subsidies.

At the start of the new campaign more unknowns took up the running with Zeleznicer (Sarajevo) the only club to gain full points from two games. Second and third are Zagreb NK and newly promoted FC Maribor, with Partizan and Sarajevo (champions) well down, and Vojvodina bottom and pointless.

In Belgrade the season opened with a fiasco when OFK's home match with newly promoted Proleter (Zrenjanin) abandoned in the 70th minute after a linesman was knocked out by a bottle thrown from the crowd.

BRAZIL

RECOVERING slowly from the shocks of 1966, the Rio clubs are rejuvenating their teams and slowly winning back the crowds. Though the public doesn't like it, the accent now is on efficiency, rigid defence and goalscoring. A new generation of coaches is modernising the Brazilian game with Botafogo and America FC leading the way. Former Real Madrid and CF Barcelona centre-forward Evaristo is boss of America, while Botafogo have promoted former youth coach Zagalo, who is producing a new team, and making it pay.

Before the Rio league programme begins the top six competed for the Guanabara Cup, won last season by Fluminense who finished bottom and pointless this time. Flamengo fared little better and America shared top place with Botafogo and played off for the title. In four days, four games were staged at Maracana: a total of 150,000 watching the first three and 100,000 paying to see the play-off. Botafogo's Jairzinho was sent off in the first half for a retaliatory foul, and Zagalo's ten men struggled through extra time to win 3-2. Star of the day was 17-year-old left-winger Paulo Cesar, who claimed all three goals.

In Sao Paulo, the champions Palmeiras have been forced into third place behind Corinthians and Sao Paulo FC, while Santos are once more struggling. Clearly the Santistas depend almost entirely on the magic of Pelé, who is not the player he was. Santos have taken a month off to visit Europe but their fans will hardly be cheered by their results or the news that three games have already been cancelled because Pelé was unfit to play.

RUSSIA

CHAKTJOR Donezk did Moscow Dynamo a big favour in beating neighbours Dynamo Kiev 2-1 and the Yashin-club now leads the field by three clear points. With Yashin still in peak form, Dynamo have conceded only 11 goals in 21 games and seem set for another championship success. Of their challengers only Spartak appear to be in top form, recovering from a poor start after their former star Nikita Simonian took over as manager and now fourth in the table. They had a chance to peg back Dynamo a little in the big Moscow derby, but watched by 103,000, Yashin celebrated his 500th game with a fine performance and the match ended 0-0. Since the war only two players have been regular 'keepers for Dynamo ... Tiger Khomich and Lev Yashin, who has been first choice since 1951.

In the FA Cup two Moscow derbies were drawn for the quarter-finals, ZSKA beating Lokomotive 2-1 and Dynamo accounting for Torpedo 1-0. The final could now be an all-Moscow affair with the semi-final draw keeping the winners apart. ZSKA now meet Neftianik Baku and Dynamo, favourites for the double, are paired with Division II club Sokol Saratov.

With everyone favouring the tight defensive game, high-scoring games are rare, but fans of Dynamo Tbilissi were given a rare treat when former international left-winger Mikhail Meskhi celebrated his 250th league game with a hat-trick. Meskhi also laid on two more for Metreveli and Zenith, who are struggling to avoid relegation, were hammered 6-1.

Pele—with autograph hunter, Scottish variety. (A.)

How Wolves Won the Title

BRILLIANT attacking football by both Wolves and Aberdeen highlighted the United Soccer Association's championship game in Los Angeles, California.

A crowd of 17,824 were treated to a feast of goals and excitement with the game going from regular overtime to sudden death overtime, before Wolves got the winner.

Wolves, who were surprise winners of the USA's Western Division, won 6-5, against an Aberdeen team who played with only ten men from midway through the first half.

The English team took the lead through Peter Knowles, but inside-forward Jimmy Smith soon levelled the scores. Just after this Smith was ordered off for taking a kick at Dave Wagstaffe.

At the interval the score was still 1-1 and there was no indication of the avalanche of goals to follow, with four goals coming inside four minutes.

Aberdeen took the lead for the first time in the 63rd minute when Francis Munro scored from the penalty spot. Wolves immediately equalised through Dave Burnside, but Jim Storrie soon restored the Dons' lead, only for Burnside to equalise once again.

Before the end of full time Burnside scored again to complete his hat-trick, and give Wolves the lead for the second time, but with less than two minutes to go Aberdeen came back again and Munro headed a long lob past Phil Parkes to send the game into overtime.

In the extra half-hour Wolves forged ahead once more through Derek Dougan, but in a last sensational two minutes came two penalties. First Bobby Clark in the Aberdeen goal made a great save from Terry Wharton's spot kick which looked like putting the game on ice, then with the last kick of overtime Munro scored his second penalty of the night, and his third goal to tie the score at 5-5.

So for the first time in the history of organised soccer the game went into sudden death overtime. When six minutes had elapsed, Wolves left-back Bobby Thomson hit a long cross into the Aberdeen goalmouth, and Ally Shewan had the misfortune to deflect the ball past his own goalkeeper to give Wolves victory.

Neither side deserved to lose this excellent game, and least of all the ten leg-weary men of Aberdeen. It is a great pity that this final was not televised nationally, as the National Professional Soccer League final will be in September, for it would have thrilled many fans and undoubtedly made many new converts for soccer.

After the game both teams made a lap of honour, and the crowd gave them a great ovation, so it's hats off to Wolves and Aberdeen for crowning a good start by the USA, and let's hope that their missionary work and that of the other ten teams will help to make soccer a sport of the future here.

★ COLIN JOSE

GORDON JEFFERY reviews the international scene

Top four defeated

AUGUST was, as usual, a quiet month in the International Football calendar and this gives me a chance to conduct a post-mortem on the year that has passed since the 1966 World Cup finals. World Cup Plus One—or if you prefer it, world Cup (1970) Less Three! In football the results of today and the prospects for tomorrow count for more than the results of yesterday.

The top four of last July were England, West Germany, Portugal and the Soviet Union and the somewhat surprising fact is that all have suffered defeat since then—the first three named of them in the European Football Championship and not in some relatively unimportant non-competitive encounter. It was, however, in just such a run-of-the-mill friendly match that the Soviet Union became the first of the leaders to slip slightly from their pedestal.

In September 1966 the Soviet Union had travelled to Belgrade to play their first post-World Cup match. They had the Pakhtakor Tashkent player Psenitjikov in goal, and Matveev, Krasnicki and Kazakov in the forward line. Otherwise the team consisted of World Cup players and the two substitutes brought on during the match, Getmanov and Malafeev, were also players who had appeared in at least one of the World Cup matches. The Soviet Union, with Krasnicki and Matveev their goal scorers, won by the odd goal in three. One month later they entertained Turkey at the Lenin Stadium in Moscow—a ground that usually has Wembley-like attendances for the national side's matches. Mid-October is not perhaps the best of months for International matches in Moscow and Turkey seemed neither strong nor attractive opposition. The crowd of 52,000 was fairly good in the circumstances.

The Soviet Union left out a few more of their World Cup players compared with the match against Yugoslavia in Belgrade—Ponomarev, Getmanov, Voronin, Sichinava and Malafeev; but they included Sabo and Porkujan of their World Cup players and also made the definite move, after months of dithering, of restoring the problem-boy of Russian football, Eduard Streltzov, to the national team. The match should have been a saunter for the home side—perhaps it was because they expected it to be, that the result goes into the records as one of the major surprises of International football: USSR 0 Turkey 2.

A week later, with the attendance dropping significantly to 35,000, the Soviet Union had a two-all draw with the always useful East Germans. Streltzov scored and so too did Chislenko—in the team for the first time since the World Cup. These two, and Lev Yashin who also made his first post-World Cup appearance, have stayed in the team for the succeeding six matches. These six began with a defeat in Milan—but only by one goal to nil against Italy, then continued with victories over Scotland in Glasgow, Mexico in Leningrad, France in Paris, Austria in Moscow, and finally Greece in Tbilisi—and the Soviet Union scored four goals in each of those last three matches. The post-World Cup record reads well enough—nine matches played, six won, one drawn and two lost. Twenty goals for and 11 against. On a points reckoning—13 out of a possible 18 or slightly below the 75% championship "mean" (based on maximum home and 50% away success).

Jose Carlos of Portugal. (A.)

Including those who appeared, often only briefly as the goalkeeper Kavazashvili in Paris against France, as substitutes, the Soviet Union called upon the services of 29 players for their nine matches—15 of them had played in the World Cup matches of July 1966. The most often used of the non-World Cup players were Streltzov, the left-winger from Dynamo Kiev, Anatoly Bishovets, and the strong defender Lenev.

One month after the Soviet Union's defeat by Turkey, Portugal tumbled—and this was in their first match after they had beaten the Soviet Union at Wembley by two goals to one to earn their third place in the world rankings. Even more surprisingly, Portugal's defeat came in a competitive *home* International match and generally, over the past decade, whatever their uncertainties in away matches, the Portuguese (national and club sides) have done well at home. Indeed, starting from May 1957 when they beat Italy three-nil in Lisbon in a World Cup qualifying match, their home record up to November 13 1966 read: Played 19, won 13, drawn 3, lost 3.

BOGEY

England, by the odd goal in seven, had been the last national side to win in Portugal—in May 1964, but Sweden, Portugal's visitors to Lisbon for a European Football Championship match, had been a bogey team to Portugal in their only two previous encounters. In Lisbon in November 1955 Sweden had won by six goals to two, and four years later by two goals to nil in Gothenburg. The jinx remained and last November Sweden won again thanks to a goal scored by the then Second Division player, Inge Danielsson, three minutes from time. The same player had opened the scoring in the second minute but Jaime Graca had equalised for Portugal halfway through the first period. Portugal in this match fielded eight of their World Cup players. Missing were the unfortunate Torres, left-winger Simeos and the left centre-back Jose Carlos. Their places were filled by Mendes, Manuel Duarte and Jacinto respectively.

Portugal have slowly got over the shock of that home defeat. They had a creditable draw in March against Italy in Rome (where, as mentioned above, the Soviet Union were beaten), and then in June travelled to Scandinavia for European Football Championship matches against Sweden in Stockholm and Norway in Oslo. The Swedes have still got their Indian sign over Portugal—Pinto, who had been hovering on the brink of selection for the World Cup matches but who had been kept out by the consistency of the midfield pairing of Coluna and Graca, scored for Portugal in the 19th minute of their match in Stockholm and they had seemed certain of two points and revenge for the Lisbon defeat until the last seconds of the match. Then Ingvar Svensson equalised! Two goals by Eusebio one week later in Oslo did however give Portugal their first post-World Cup victory.

Overall then — four matches played, one won, two drawn and one lost; and the 50% measure of success is underlined by their scoring record—five goals for, and five goals against. Twenty-two different players used in those four matches although three of them were competitive and substitutes only appeared therefore in the friendly against Italy. Ten had been amongst the 15 players used during Portugal's six World Cup matches.

The newcomers (not all of them new "caps" of course) have been inconsistent in the main with their appearances limited to one, possibly two matches, but America in goal, Raul in defence and, of course, Pinto seem to have made their own, for the time being at any rate, the places filled by Jose Pereira, Germano and Coluna respectively—for Raul and Pinto that is asking much but they have settled well. It is up-front that Eusebio is having to carry too much of the responsibility with only Jose Augusto as his regular and experienced side.

DEFEATED

England, the World Champions, were the next of the top four to be defeated—at Wembley in April against the Scots. Prior to this they had played three autumn matches that followed the usual pattern of British Home Championship matches, alternately home and away, against Northern Ireland and Wales, and a Wembley friendly against Continental opposition. First of the three matches was against the Irish at Windsor Park, Belfast—never an easy match. The previous year Scotland had lost the corresponding fixture by three goals to two; in 1964 England had had to fight hard as they saw a four-nil lead cut down to four-three; in 1963 Scotland had been beaten 2-1. Had they been able to choose England might have preferred to face less fighting opposition.

There was, most readers will probably recall, considerable advice handed out to Alf Ramsey from the national press in England as to what players he should select for this first post-World Cup England team. The burden of the argument was that players in England's World Cup team who would be too old for the 1970 World Cup should be immediately discarded and, somewhat parallel to this, room should be made for those who would be of age to play in 1970 in Mexico.

England's Bobby Charlton leaps over the body of Sammy Todd (Ireland) during last October's match.

Apart from the simple fact that it is always the ability of a player that matters, not his birth certificate which, incidentally, are treated as being more "personal and confidential" in British football than in most other countries, the nonsensical nature of this thinking can be best seen by considering what was the football-standing of England's 11 World Cup Final players four years before July 1966?

Alf Ramsey was clearly not impressed. He picked the Final winning team and they responded with a contained victory. Then in the friendly against Czechoslovakia that followed a fortnight later both sides failed to score at Wembley. Four months before England and Uruguay had opened the final stages of the World Cup with a goalless match—and that had never happened before in an England International at Wembley—nor anywhere else at home for that matter. England supporters have the least to complain about of anyone but that it should happen *twice* in four months after never in 93 years did cause some revival of dissent about the unchanged side. All of which was a little unfair to a very competent Czech side with an extremely fine goalkeeper in Ivo Victor. And just a fortnight later, still with an unchanged team, England, once they had absorbed the early fire and enthusiasm of the Welsh visitors to Wembley, thundered away to a five goals to one victory.

VANISHED

England's international programme then vanished for five months until the annual renewal of the oldest of all International fixtures and one that in 1967 has still not much more bearing upon World Cups than it had in 1877 or 1927: the England-Scotland game.

The shorts have shortened, the boots that could have been used to kick down brick walls are now little more than shoes: fashions amongst the spectators have changed — although those of the "invaders" when the match is at Wembley less obviously so. The play on the field is infinitely quicker and, although the pitch is haunted by some of the greatest of all individual players of the past, the concentration deeper, but these are matches that carry within themselves all that has happened in the dozens of clashes that have gone before. England in recent years have tried to play them cool—to absorb the fire, to slow things down and to attack suddenly when no attack seemed on.

So they went into a two-goal lead at Wembley in 1965 before injuries to Wilson and Byrne forced them to fight like mad to avoid defeat. This need, often through injury, to forget the studied tactics and to simply work twice as hard seems inevitable in these matches. Two years before Scotland with Caldow off injured had triumphed magnificently in such circumstances. Now in 1967 all the breaks went against England.

That the first deliberate change had been made in the team with the replacement of Hunt by Jimmy Greaves was coincidental. Greaves was an early casualty and slowed down throughout the match. Jack Charlton a brave but limping

● *Continued on page 33*

ANDREW DETTRE in Australia

Crisis and convulsion

THE mild tremors that could be felt in Australian soccer two or three months ago have suddenly and dramatically turned into detonations and turbulence. Soccer's administration, after a period of complacency, has come under crossfire from all angles and at the time of writing nobody can predict where it will all end.

Actually, the current convulsions had many predictable symptoms and the Sydney newspaper, *Soccer World* correctly predicted the coming of a major blow-up weeks earlier. It all started soon after Matt Busby and his boys left these shores and the Aussies—embracing born Australians and at least a dozen ethnic migrant groups interested in soccer—finally had time to look around.

The first sign of trouble was the resignation of Jim Bayutti, Australian and NSW vice-president and undoubtedly the country's most dominant and energetic soccer personality, who only recently became *Cavaliere della Ordine della Republicana Italiana,* a knight Italian style, for his services to sport in this country. Bayutti, for long at loggerheads with several provincially-minded fellow officials, especially in Melbourne, resigned claiming that the structure of the Australian Federation makes it impossible to progress.

Bayutti's departure was the first snowball that precipitated the avalanche. The game's administration in Sydney came under attack from the clubs which claimed that while the popularity of rugby in recent years had gone ahead by kangaroo leaps and bounds, soccer, at the top level anyway, has been at best stagnating.

In the electric atmosphere, a spark was enough to set off a rumpus which has now turned into paroxysms. The spark, fittingly, was provided by the administration itself when confronted by a very simple problem yet ending up with an astounding decision. Two clubs, both with a home game scheduled, agreed to stage their fixtures as a double-header and amicably agreed on the order of play. Then one of the visiting clubs—the guests, mind you—objected to the order of play and took the matter to the Federation. And there, the nine-man management committee, after a lengthy debate on this horrendous problem, resolved to decide the issue by flipping a coin. . .

That coin was fatal. The following day the management committee was promptly called "the biggest bunch of no-hopers" by several club presidents while one suggested that instead of administering the game of soccer, Federation officials should open a two-up "school", the ancient and favourite though somewhat primitive gambling device of the rugged Australians.

By now the rumpus turned into a rage and the administration was under constant barrage. But astonishingly enough, even then they misread all signs of brewing trouble and, like some leaders of Hungary in October 1956, failed to grasp that a revolution was in the offing.

The last straw that broke the Federation's back was, typically, money. In this atmosphere of open hostility the NSW Federation tabled a motion as to the ways and means of dividing this State's share of the recent Scotland and Manchester United tour matches. With a straight face, they suggested that the Federation retain 75 per cent of the revenue for its "administration and planning" (staff: one full-time secretary and two typists) while the clubs share the remaining 25 per cent. The result was predictable: the clubs got together and by simple arithmetic reversed the figures, voting themselves 75 per cent of the revenue, pointing out in the process that as the Federation had not even suggested a concrete plan for the use of this money, they surely didn't need such a large share (about £12,000).

Deeply offended, president Frank Parsons, himself a former Aussie international star, resigned.

Most clubs now realise, if belatedly, that urgent reforms are needed and the entire structure of the game must be reshaped. I firmly believe, for one, that this can be done within the existing framework and without a revolution.

It's really up to the clubs—equivalents of the English Football League—to re-think and re-plan their own organisation. At present efficiency, daring, vision and realism are qualities at a premium. Much of this is the fault of the system which is cumbersome, archaic and pseudo-democratic, severely curbing the enterprise and scope of the talented handful of administrators. So the first thing to do is to change the system, and this can be done.

Cheerful

To end this gloomy account, one cheerful note: Western Australia, for long regarded as the weakest and "most backward" of our states soccerwise, has given a classic lesson to the other states as well as the Australian Federation. When some months ago the ASF was invited to participate in the annual Merdeka tournament in Malaysia, with half their expenses guaranteed, the offer was cold-shouldered and turned down saying that the time (August) interfered with their domestic season.

Western Australia, seizing on this wonderful opportunity, promptly applied for acceptance—and got it.

All the critics, mainly in Sydney, predicted disaster and an irreparable blow to Australia's prestige; some even suggested that Western Australia should be fined, suspended or kicked out. But the brave men from Australia's "Swan State" went ahead—and put up a great show. In their first match they lost only 3-2 to Malaysia and three days later went down 3-1 to the giant India. In their third match they beat Thailand 3-1 and then lost 3-0 to South Vietnam, last year's Merdeka champions.

So while they didn't come home with the proverbial bacon, the Western Australians stood their ground magnificently—much to the chagrin of their critics back home. They showed the enterprise and spirit the ASF lacks, as well as a great deal of courage. For Perth is certainly no citadel of Aussie soccer and either Victoria or NSW is conservatively rated a six-goal better State.

Just how close a full Australian team could have gone to winning the prestige-laden Merdeka nobody will ever know. What we do know is, however, that once again we missed a marvellous boat, a great chance to show the flag in Asia in a dignified fashion.

Scotland's Jim McCalliog (dark shirt), is beaten to the ball by two Australian defenders in the match between the two countries in Sydney. (A.D.I.)

Eire Round-up by TOM MULDOWNEY

Season starts in earnest

AFTER three monthe of impatient waiting, Eire's new soccer season got off to a better start than many before. The long awaited kick-off found clubs ready to go.

Last season's cash crisis shocked soccer's surveyors. It galvanised them into instant action. No silly season for them. No soliloquising in summer sun. From close to blast-off it was a hectic helter-skelter of feverish activity. An intensive preparative programme conditioned clubs for winter's warfare. Even the puppets on the string were jerked back to sweat and swot weeks in advance of normal return time.

A series of warm-up games produced warlike tactics. Whetted appetites, heightened expectancy before the President Cup, Dublin City Cup and Shield ushered in the competitive campaign. On the products of these lesser tourneys depends the season's financial future. Early games determine the mood of the missing masses. Out they come in the fall, eye the custodians of senior soccer and if dissatisfied stray away and stay away. Leaving behind empty grounds of silent gloom spelling out the message of doom.

Boom it should be at Milltown. Where Shamrock Rovers eagerly anticipate their European engagement against Cardiff City. No empty places here. Not on the terraces or in the Trophy-Room. The magic formula is simple to see. The Cunningham Camp is full of players who please. Witness the past deeds of those present. Liam Tuohy, worthy successor to Sean Thomas, after a journey to St. James's Park. New captain Johnny Fullam (Preston North End), Frank O'Neill (Arsenal) and Bobby Gilbert from Derry City, Internationals all. Not to forget Billy Dixon, sensational signing from Drumcondra, plus discoveries Paddy Mulligan and boy-wonder Mick Leech.

Scythe through silver to honour the backbone; Smyth, Keogh, Courtney, Core and Ronnie Nolan, another International, hero of a thousand battles. The shock squad send Shamrocks swinging. Up ... up ... up ... the sky's the limit and earthmen pose no problem.

Problems mean nothing to St. Patricks. Recent departure of coach Gerry Doyle, who blueprinted last season's success, was taken in stride by the new board of directors who spare no effort to improve Richmond Park and those who play there. Confidence is their keynote for the Inter-City Fairs' fling against French fighters Giroondins Bordeaux. This is Saints' second strike at Europe. The first boomeranged off Dunfermline Athletic, and Jock Stein.

Down from Inchicore to Dalymount Park. Bohemians, under new boss, Paddy Murphy, plug gaps wrought by the professional's purge. Old heads Ben O'Sullivan, Young, Wade, Newman and Keating will help the new boys find their feet during the testing time. But signs are the Simons will struggle, but not sink.

On to Tolka Park where landlords Drumcondra and tenants Shelbourne have high hopes of improving on the past. Drums, for so long one of Dublin's big two, salvaged the President Cup from last term's trouble, and as I write look like retaining it.

A perusal of Tolka's team produced first thoughts that they were still living in the past. But a closer look reveals a settled staff with possible permutations for progress. The players who won the President Cup remain, while the heralded arrival from Home Farm of Denis Stevens is expected to increase the goal power.

However, of more importance is the future of Jimmy Morrissey. I watched this fine footballer during the Darcy benefit and Drums' public pre-season trial. Back he is to the form and fitness of his pre leg-break days. A severe setback to both club and player. Morrissey is Drums' barometer. The outlook is fair to bright, with squalls should injury hit.

Shelbourne? From tops to flops in no time at all. A struggle to survive that saddens football folk. Especially the old with memories of a precious past. The future? New Chairman Rowan possesses the know-how of club care. And Manager Doyle has come home after spells with Dundalk and St. Patricks. Teenage teams are his forte. Under his tutelage tots thrive. In Foran, Gannon, Orr and Shiels he has dream makers. While Roberts and International Freddie Strahan are no kindergarten kickers.

North of the metropolis flies the league flag. Over Oriel Park. Where Dundalk await European "seeds" Vasas of Budapest with the calm confidence of champions.

It's as you were with the "bordermen". Only Big Ben Hannigan went on strike. But after his joust with Jack (Charlton) in a pre-season friendly, he cannot be left on picket. Fox and his fighters will be as hard to beat as before. But more wing power and Hannigan are needed.

Neighbours Drogheda United reached the cup semi-finals last March, to taste the heady wine of success for the first time. This term they want a deep drink. Two newcomers to placate their palate are ex-Bohemian Tony Swan and Ray Keogh from Cork Hibernians. Player-coach Theo Dunne is still going strong. Ably assisted by Ronnie Whelan, completing a foursome to trouble the best.

DOMINATED

Limerick dominated the transfers by bringing Andy McEvoy from Blackburn Rovers to the Market Field. Holder of 15 Eire caps, the free scoring forward beat England's élite in the goal gallop a few seasons ago. He links up with fellow Internationals Tommy Hamilton and "Player of the Year" Alf Finucane to restore confidence shattered somewhat by the departure of Ewan Fenton.

Further South, Waterford and the Cork clubs Hibernians and Celtic issue warning that they genuflect to none. Waterford filled the void left by Paddy

● *Continued on page* 19

No doubt about it, the transfer of Blackburn Rovers and Eire inside-forward Andy McEvoy to Limerick caused a sensation on both sides of the Irish Sea. (W.I.)

ERIC BATTY says . . .

TIGHTER MARKING OUTDATES THE WALL PASS

THE most elementary form of team play is the one-two, a simple exchange of passes between two players and variously known as the return pass, the double pass or the wall pass. Over the years a great many teams made this the basis of their game and for decades it was made to seem foolproof. Push and run Spurs, the Austrian Wunderteam and many other fine sides demonstrated the value of the wall pass, and even today when defences have adapted their tactics to counter the simple moves, a one-two can still be of value.

In the highest class, however, the wall pass is dead—killed by greater emphasis on the man for man marking system which was once only loosely applied. Any player in possession, challenged by an opponent, could at one time play the ball away to a colleague close at hand and head for space and the chances were that he would receive the ball back . . . free from opposition.

Wingers, for example, could put themselves behind their opposing full-back by giving a square pass to a colleague inside and "going" looking for the ball back—laid into the space behind the enemy back. Many a winger with a touch of speed but lacking in skill with the ball, could thus be transformed from a failure to a match-winner.

Though lacking the elegance of a Matthews/Finney type winger, speedy players were thus able to burst past their opponents repeatedly in spite of their lack of class. The quicker the winger was, the more often he could use this simple idea, for all he had to do as a prelude was tempt the full-back close, give the ball and run.

With the coming of the modern approach to defence, however, the individual marking became tighter, and where a defender was once asked to mark and cover both space and colleagues, they are now asked only to "mark". In the 4-2-4 defensive set-up the two centre-backs cover each other, leaving the full-backs "free" to concentrate entirely on their wingers. In the *catenaccio* system, defenders are even more "free" to concentrate on their individual opponents, for it is the duty of the *libero* or free-back to cover everyone. Releasing the defenders from covering responsibilities, has given full-backs and centre-backs the opportunity to concentrate on their immediate opponents to the exclusion of all else.

Where once a challenging player would inevitably turn away to follow the ball and momentarily leave his opponent free to move off seeking his return pass, the defenders now ignore the ball completely. Facing up to an opponent (with or without the ball) defenders now match their opponents step for step.

This change of emphasis applies not only to full-backs and centre-backs but also to wing-halves and inside-forwards who are withdrawn to cover key opponents on a man-for-man basis. Now when challenging a player in possession opponents no longer adopt the basic approach to Matthews: positioning "inside", half turned to go down the line but perfectly balanced to move off either way. Now the defenders turn sideways on, stepping "sideways" in a skipping movement and determined to go with their man regardless. If the forward looks for a one-two today, he may or may not get a good ball back, but he will certainly not get free of his opponent as he once did. The defender now has nothing else to do but mark his individual opponent, for what happens now with the ball in the possession of another enemy player is not the concern of the first defender.

Thus we can see in diagrams 1(a) and 1(b) that while the forward who made a pass and moved for the return could get "free" in the old game, the defender is now concentrating solely on his immediate opponent and has become a real shadow, able to offer an immediate challenge wherever the forward may go.

Against a speedy defender, the one-two has little chance of success in attack, and has therefore almost disappeared in the highest class. When playing the ball out of defence it is quite another matter for "front" players will rarely do more than offer a brief challenge to the defender in possession, and when he parts with the ball the forward is satisfied that he has played his part in attempting to delay the inevitable counter-attack and will let the defender go free.

Against a defence which includes a free-back or sweeper the one-two up front is absolutely dead. Gento and Puskas were once able to use Gento's phenomenal speed to great advantage on Real Madrid's left wing. Gento in possession would jockey close to his opponent before clipping a square pass inside and off he would go. As in diagram 1(a), Puskas would be moving to meet the pass and play it (usually first time) deep into the space behind the enemy back. When Puskas laid his pass, Gento would usually be between three to five yards clear of his opponent and, chasing a 30-yard pass, he could be anything up to 10 yards clear when he caught up with the ball. Between 1956 and 1960, when Gento was at his fastest, no full-back in the game could match him for speed, and the one-two was almost made to measure for him.

The coming of the free-back changed all this, however, and any attempt to put a winger away with a one-two would surely be doomed. Positioning himself behind the defensive wall, the *libero* is looking for just such a move and moving across the defensive line he gives cover to each of the tight-marking defenders in turn.

Now it is clear that the one-two is obsolete and in its stead we now have the one-two-three in a great variety of forms. In essence they are all executed in the same basic manner with three simple features:

1. The ball must be played to a colleague who is marked.
2. We must have a midfield or defensive player "coming from behind".
3. The front player must go to meet the ball, play it away first time and then "run square".

In diagrams 2(a) and 2(b) we can see two examples of the one-two-three and in each case the tight marking defenders must either allow their immediate opponent to go free, or else by following their opponent they must leave their zone exposed to the man "coming from behind". Because the defender's opponent is running square and leaving the zone one would normally expect him to work in, the defender must choose between man and space.

DIAGRAM 1(a)

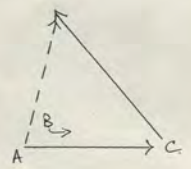


DIAGRAM 1(b)

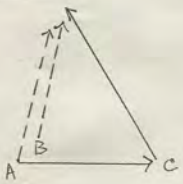


DIAGRAM 2(a)

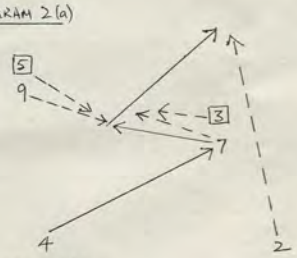


DIAGRAM 2(b)

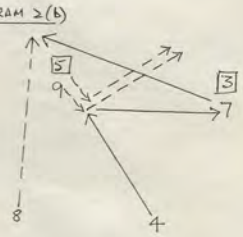


DIAGRAM 3(a)

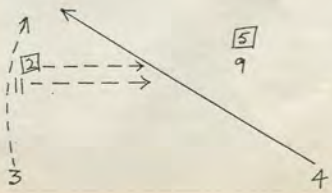


DIAGRAM 3(b)

Usually the modern defender will elect to follow his man, leaving an easy pass "on" for the unmarked player coming from behind.

In diagram 2(a) the ball is played by the right-half to the outside-right, who moves to meet the ball and can either play it first time or carry it a few yards (screening the ball from his opponent) in order to make the space on the flank bigger. Having gone inside a few steps and committed the left-back to him, the winger plays the ball towards the centre-forward and then runs "square" across the pitch. In this way he now makes the gap on the exposed flank even bigger by taking the left-back further and further away from the point at which the break-through will come. Meanwhile the centre-forward runs to meet the winger's pass and if he is under pressure from the centre-half and the full-back "coming from behind" is already in a good position he should play the ball first time. If the full-back has not yet taken up a sufficiently advanced position then the centre-forward may also keep the ball for a second or two, taking care to "screen" the ball from his opponent, before putting the full-back away.

In diagram 2(b) we have the opposite move with the ball being played from midfield up to the centre-forward. Dropping back to meet the ball, the centre-forward should first draw a challenge from the centre-half—which should not be too difficult if he delays his move until the pass has been made. Dropping back "late" he should draw a challenge from the man marking him who is thus drawn forward out of his defensive zone, and having committed his opponent to a challenge, the centre-forward should now play the ball towards the right-winger.

The winger should also delay his move until the pass has been made and then sprinting in to meet the ball as the centre-forward moves off right the winger should now be able to find the man "coming from behind" who in the case illustrated is the inside-right.

It should be noted that by running "square" the front player in each case is creating space for the man coming from behind.

Even against a defence which plays with a free-back the one-two-three is still far preferable to the old one-two, for the free player must choose between covering the man going square (who may be looking for a return pass) and the man coming from behind (if the free-back has seen him). If the free-back is in any way attracted to the player running square, the goal is exposed to the man coming from behind.

The basic conception on which this type of attack is based, stems from the fact that in the modern defensive game the front players who are regarded as the gaolscorers will be denied either time or space. Tightly marked and tackled quickly and vigorously (usually from behind) the front players have little or no chance unless they are exceptionally skilled and intelligent.

Later, as the front players become more aware of the value of running square across the pitch (and making space) the far winger can move inside when a midfield player has the ball. If the winger is followed by a tight-marking full-back the way is already clear for another player to come from behind and take a crossfield pass as in diagram 3(a). In diagram 3(b) a similar move can be engineered if the centre-forward moves to meet the mid-field player in possession and is followed by his immediate opponent. Once more we have made space within the enemy defence and the inside-right can sprint forward to take a crossfield pass chipped over the head of the centre-half.

Once the front players have overcome their old instincts which take them away from the man with the ball a great variety of moves become "on". Though this will not be easy for the old school strikers a new generation of front players is already growing up who are moving to meet the man with the ball As a front player moves to meet the man with the ball he will either free himself from his tight marking opponent or create space, and as space is created it should be filled by an unmarked man from behind. This is the greatest advantage of the modern method over the old fashioned long pass up the middle intended for a front player: that where the one-two took place across the face of the defender, the one-two-three begins across his face but ends across his back.

Playing on the "blind" side of defenders in this and other ways is the logical counter to the tight-marking tactics of modern defenders who can mark their immediate opponent AND cover their defensive zone only as long as "their" opponent remains in "their zone". When the front player moves square across the pitch the defenders are placed in difficulty and even the free-back can be outwitted in this way.

BUY! Speedway Star-News

The established 1/3 weekly and

SPEEDWAY POST

★ 2/- Monthly for all the Speedway News ★

ANGLER'S WORLD

the monthly magazine for discriminating anglers

More and more anglers throughout the whole of Britain regularly read ANGLER'S WORLD, the "new look" magazine for coarse, sea and game anglers. Small wonder, for the sport's most popular journal offers the very finest features, plus exclusive instructive articles and photographs of activity from far and near. Demand for ANGLER'S WORLD is great. You should therefore place an order at your newsagents to ensure receiving your copy.

—order your copy NOW! Should you experience any supply difficulty, please use the coupon provided below

PLEASE CUT HERE

To CIRCULATION MANAGER, ANGLER'S WORLD, Sutherland House, 5-6 Argyll Street, London, W.1.

Please send me the October edition, for which I enclose 2s. 6d.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

NACIONAL EARNED PLACE IN FINAL

MY guess, in the August issue of WORLD SOCCER, that Celtic would be travelling to either Buenos Aires or Montevideo for their away leg in the Trans-Continental Club Championship proved to be right but not that their opponents would be Racing or *Penarol*. Penarol, the 1966 "World" Champions as they had been in 1961, have throughout the season to-date been lagging just a shade behind their Uruguayan rivals, Nacional, and it was the latter who headed the semi-final group. Penarol have an early chance of revenge in the Uruguayan Championship that occupies the second half of their season. Earlier in the tournament *competencia* that usually begins the Uruguayan domestic season, with each First Division meeting the others once only, the big two finished on equal terms.

Ironically in both semi-final zones of the South American Champion Clubs competition it was the second representative of Argentina and Uruguay respectively who made possible the ultimate success of both Racing and Nacional — whether either River Plate or Penarol felt very enthusiastic about so benefiting their national rivals we can only surmise!

The challenge to Racing in Group A came, rather unexpectedly from the Peruvian club, Universitario of Lima, who qualified for their place in the semi-final group when they finished second to the Brazilian club, Cruzeiro, in Group One of the qualifying competition—but the other clubs in that group were only the Venezuelan pair, Deportivo Italia and Deportivo Galicia, and Universitario's fellow-Peruvians, Sport Boys. Nor was Universitario's chance of winning their semi-final group immediately apparent. They started well enough with a home win by three goals to nil over the Chileans, Colo Colo, the day before the Argentinian pair, River Plate and Racing, met in their first match at River's ground. The result here was a draw—nil-nil.

A week later both River and Racing went travelling—the former to Santiago to play Colo Colo and the latter to Lima to play Universitario. An unhappy River, already in difficulty in their Metropolitan Championship matches in Argentina and with internal dissensions, were beaten by the only goal of the match—scored by Valdes late in the first half after a goalkeeping mistake by Gatti. Racing, on the other hand, had an exciting odd-goal-in-three win over Universitario in Lima.

The first half was goalless, then centre-forward Casaretto took a difficult chance well to put the home side in front after four minutes' play in the second period. It was another 31 minutes before Raffo equalised but five minutes later the same player scored again for a valuable victory that made the position, with each club having played two of their six matches, Racing 3 points, Universitario and Colo Colo two points each, and River Plate one point—and Racing had played both matches away from their Avellaneda ground. Universitario, on the other hand, had played both their matches at home.

Line-ups for these two matches:

Colo Colo: Kuzmaniak; Cruz, Claria; Valentini, Aravena, Montalva; Valdes, Moreno, Bravo, Beiruth and Zeleda.

River Plate: Gatti; Matosas, Panizzo; Zywyca, Sainz, Guzman; Perez, Daniel Omega, Sarnari, Lallana and Mas.

Universitario: Correa; Gonzalez, Lafuente; Chumpitaz, Fuentes, Cruzando; Calatayud, Challe, Casaretto, Uribe and Lobaton.

Racing: Cejas; Perfumo, Diaz; Martin, Mori, Basile; Raffo, Rulli, Cardenas, Rodriguez (Cardoso) and Maschio.

Report from South America by GORDON JEFFERY

Another week and it was the turn of Universitario to travel—to Argentina, first to play River Plate at the Monumental Stadium and then, two days later, to play Racing at Avellaneda. It was a surprise when the visitors beat River Plate by the only goal of the match but with River then only four places from the bottom of Zone B in the Argentinian Metropolitan Championship and Racing jostling Estudiantes for top place in Zone B, Racing had no particular reason to feel other than confident of a repeat win over Universitario.

Except that the Lima club had Enrique Rodriguez on the left wing in place of Lobaton, both teams lined up as they had done in the previous encounter. The pattern of the match, refereed by the Brazilian, Romualdo Artur Filho, followed very closely that of the one in Lima—goalless at the interval after a fairly evenly contested first half during which Cardenas in Racing's attack was replaced by Parenti. In the second half Racing began to sustain their attacks more strongly and Universitario's offensives were limited to occasional sorties by Lafuente.

With just 13 minutes left to time, Maschio got the goal that Racing had long threatened to score. Universitario's response was to employ Challe, Cruzado and Uribe more markedly in attacks and it was the last-named who, after combining well with Challe, equalised with five minutes to go.

The issue was wide open. With two minutes remaining, Universitario were awarded a free-kick about 25 yards from goal. Chumpitaz took the kick, Cejas could only parry the ball and in the scrimmage that followed Calatayud scrambled Universitaro's second goal, and the one that completed a fine away double over the Argentinian clubs and put themselves into the lead in the semi-final group.

The next two matches were both between Colo Colo and Racing. Racing won in Santiago by two goals to nil and at home, with J. J. Rodriguez completing a hat-trick, by three goals to one. Group position then read: Racing seven points from five matches; Universitario six points from four matches; Colo Colo two points from four matches; and River Plate one point from three matches—and, as Racing were completing their double over Colo Colo, River Plate were gathering in Lima for their match on the morrow against Universitario.

The pressure in their domestic competition in Argentina had never been greater on River Plate. Before the previous Sunday matches were played the position at the *bottom* of Zone B (whereas at a similar stage of the League season River are usually only concerned with what is happening at the *top*) was that Chacarita Juniors had eight points, Deportivo Espanol 11, River 13, Union 15, Banfield 16, and Rosario Central (in sixth place in the table—the lowest place for certain participation in the Full Championship to come) 18 points.

River were away to Banfield in a match that they had to win. They did—by two goals to nil (Mas and Ramos Delgado own goal the scorers), to close the gap on Banfield but Union and Rosario Central, playing each other, had gained a point each, and Chacarita Juniors had gained two from an inter-zonal match against Atlanta. And Chacarita Juniors were River's opponents of the following Sunday.

Interest

River, whose home defeat in the Champions' Cup by Universitario had been partly explained by their fielding *una formacion improvisada,* must have been tempted to play down interest in the match in Peru with their own concern more with the match to come, three days later, against Chacarita. In fact it was River who, thanks to an Onega goal, went in at the interval in the lead. Universitario came back in the second half but in the end were glad to settle for one point from a two-all result. Cruzado and Challe were the Universitario scorers and Cubilla got River's second. (River ended one of their happiest weeks of a so far rather unhappy season by trouncing Chacarita by four goals to one.)

In the event River's draw in Lima proved to be the result that did mar Universitario's chance of a place in the final, as Racing's home win over River and Universitario's win in Santiago against Colo Colo, left Racing and Universitario the joint-leaders with nine points. Racing had the better goal-average but goal-average rarely counts in South American competitions. Racing it was, however, who won the play-off.

No play-off was required in the smaller (three clubs) Zone B. This series began with another in the long, long chain of matches between the dominant two clubs in modern Uruguayan football—Penarol and Nacional. The latter beaten only once in ten matches in the qualifying competition for semi-final places—by Cerro Porteno of Paraguay; and Penarol coming in at the semi-final stage after being exempt from qualification by reason of being the reigning South American champions.

Surprise

The two met at the Centenario Stadium in Montevideo—scene of the first World Cup Final in 1930; 60,000 spectators watched the game and the one surprise to many European readers perhaps will be the news that the weather was bitterly cold. There is something of the nature of South American football to be gleaned from the fact that the only goal of an always tense and absorbing match was scored direct from a free-kick—taken by the Brazilian, Celio, two minutes from half-time. Penarol's nearest effort to equalising came three minutes from time when a terrific shot from Forlan hit the woodwork.

Nacional: Dominguez; Manicera, Emilio Alvarez; Cincunegui, Montero, Mujica; Urruzmendi, Viera, Celio, Esparrago and Morales.

Penarol: Errea; Lezcano, Figueroa; Forlan, Goncalvez, Caetano; Abbadie, Roacha, Silva, Cortes and Joya.

Three days later with the more defensive Techera playing in place of Viera, Nacional journeyed to Brazil to play Cruzeiro at Belo Horizonte. Mujica opened the scoring for the Uruguayans but Cruzeiro followed with two goals to join Nacional at the head of the group with two points—and to offer Penarol a chance of regaining the ground they had lost in their opening match. Penarol played at Belo Horizonte four days after Nacional's defeat there in the knowledge that a win would leave all three clubs with two points from two matches. Spencer for Silva and Varela for Cortes were the Penarol changes compared with the side beaten at the Centenario.

Cruzeiro lined up: Raul; Pedro Paulo, William, Procopio, Neco; Piazza, Dirceu Lopes; Natal, Evaldo, Tostao and Hilton Oliveira. (In the second half, Hernandez substituted for Varela in Penarol's team and David—goal-scorer against Nacional—for Evaldo in Cruzeiro's.) Fifty thousand spectators watched an extremely close contest, won two minutes from time by the home side, thanks to a Natal goal.

Sent off in the clash with Penarol was Nacional half-back Cincunegui. Happily it didn't affect his club's chances in the South American championships. (A.)

Play-off

Penarol were still without a point and their only hope of keeping an interest in the title was if they beat both Cruzeiro and Nacional in their two remaining matches whilst Nacional beat Cruzeiro. These results would leave all three clubs with four points and the prospect of a series of play-offs. A play-off for another "competition" was already an extra chore for several players of Penarol, Nacional and Cruzeiro. In seven days Uruguay and Brazil met three times for the Rio Branco Cup at Montevideo (0-0, 2-2 and —the play-off—1-1).

Of Cruzeiro's fine team Wilsen Piazza, Dirceu Lopes and Tostao played in all three matches, and Natal and Hilton Oliveira in the last two. And during the next seven days Cruzeiro had to play—still in Montevideo—against both Penarol and Nacional. Some of the Penarol and Nacional players had also been active in the International matches but, of course, these had only *one* match more to play against Cruzeiro.

Cruzeiro's two results suggest that the heavy programme of matches undertaken by the "unknowns" from Minas Gerais since their great Brazilian Cup victory over Santos, aggravated by the International appearances of their best players, finally proved too much for them. They held on well against Penarol before going under by the odd goal in five but a few days later were unable to penetrate Nacional's defence. Nacional scored twice to come level with Cruzeiro with four points.

Programme

Cruzeiro's programme was complete. Nacional and Penarol (two points) had their final match to play. Penarol had to win to make a triple tie—and they came very close as they led by two goals to one with the final minutes coming up and Nacional playing the last 30 minutes of the match with ten men after Cincunegui had been sent off.

Then Celio snatched the equaliser and who, except a Penarol partisan, in such circumstances could belittle Nacional's right to a place in the Final?

EIRE ROUND-UP by TOM MULDOWNEY

● *Continued from page 15*

Coad's resignation by signing Martin Ferguson from Doncaster. Full-time professionals, Thomas, Byron and winger Matthews allied to the skill of McGeough and Hale form the nucleus of a team, better equipped than were the "blue" stars of 1965.

The city of Cork remembers great teams and greater deeds; Fordsons, Cork, Cork United and Cork Athletic. The present pair, Hibernians and Celtic have failed on the trophy trail. Not for want of trying, mind you. And this term sees greater efforts than before.

Much travelled Amby Fogarty has Hibs faster and fitter than any previous Lodge line-out. Player-wise it's the same. The former Sunderland star aims at team-work and team-spirit to succeed where big-names often don't. Carl Davenport brought Alan Ball, father of Everton's English International to assist Cork Celtic prepare. Davenport, at 22, is the youngest player-coach in the League of Ireland and the one with the biggest task.

Turners Cross, like Flower Lodge, has long had an empty sideboard. Will this season bring a change? In one direction it has already. Hibs swop white for green and Celtic expect to follow suit with a shirt switch from black to gold.

Last, but never, but never, least comes Sligo Rovers. Another new boss here. Tony Bartley, from Chesterfield, takes over from Shay Keogh. Stalwarts Johnny Brooks, who toured America with Shamrocks and Mick Walter, both full-time professionals, are joined by goalkeeper Bob Dawson, Kevin Fallon an 18-year-old from Rotherham United and John Milner who comes via Lincoln City and Bradford.

As before, no team deserves success as do Rovers. One of the most popular teams in the league, they never give up. And win or not the Show Ground is always a happy, cheerful place on match days.

For me, Shamrock Rovers will pinnacle perch. Climbing close comes Dundalk, Waterford and Cork Hibernians. With Limerick and Drumcondra a little further down the rope.

OPEN LETTERS

Dear Mr. Glanville:

YOUR column in today's *Times*, "A Soccer Revolution?", seems to me to be quite unfair. Either you have not been seeing the soccer games you have been writing about, or else you have some *idée fixe* about the necessary badness of American soccer that seriously distorts what you have been seeing.

Speaking about the *catenaccio* defence, which you assert has been adopted by American teams and thus causes highly defensive and sterile games, you remark: "Not that it is always easy to play. The New York Generals have yet to master it. . . ." This is an outrageous libel. The Generals have not mastered it because they do not use it. Except for serious threats by opposing teams, when the entire team except for the centre-forward is called back to protect the goal, the Generals play a normal three-man defensive line, sometimes strengthened to four men for variety, but also sometimes weakened to *two* men so as to get an extra forward.

In fact, the picture you draw of defensive soccer is certainly not true of the Generals now and has not been true since Kirby joined the team.

Calling the N.P.S.L. teams "motley, polyglot", and "a patchwork of largely second and third rate players" is pure name-calling. The teams may be extremely heterogeneous, but in America—evidently unlike Britain — this very mixture is one of our prides. In baseball, Cuban and Puerto Rican players can reach the Major Leagues without knowing more English than "Hello!", We in America often consciously search for this racial, national, and religious variety because we believe that this variety will provide a less narrow viewpoint on common problems. It is my belief that the "polyglot" teams of American soccer will soon provide new ideas in the sport and a range of style flexibility that the one-language, one-style, one-horse teams of Europe and South America will find it hard to meet.

Since, by your own admission, first-rate soccer in Europe and South America is largely defensive, why should we in the United States try for it? Why not just let us bumble along with our second-rate, largely offensive soccer?

Finally, your constantly negative attitude towards American soccer is surprising in one who claims to love the sport as much as you do. The constant tenor of your dispatches is surprise that American teams in their first year are not already World Cup contenders. It is wonderful how you can claim that low attendance at NPSL games in New York proves your claims that attendance is conditional on performance—it only proves to me that your columns have turned away a good many people who would otherwise have tried soccer.

I hope, Sir, that the time will come when you will stop judging American soccer by the unrealistic and sterile standards of normal International play. A child cannot compete with an adult, but a child can show promise of eventually far surpassing the adult with which he is unfairly compared. When, in the not so distant future, America wins the World Cup, I hope you will be as harsh on the rest of International soccer as you have been on us.

Yours truly,
WALTER G. McALLISTER

Dear Mr. McAllister:

WHILE I was in New York, writing a Sunday column for the *New York Times* on soccer, you wrote me several letters, of which this was the last, and the most irate. They interested me for a number of reasons. In the first place, they obviously came from a literate and intelligent person. In the second, they indicated the birth of a new phenomenon; the American soccer fan. You had, with remarkable speed, identified yourself with the fortunes of the New York Generals club in the NPSL, outlaw, league, showing all the characteristics of soccer fans elsewhere; loyalty, partisanship and, if you will forgive my saying so, irrationality — the more surprising and intriguing in a writer of such sophisticated letters.

Before dealing with some of the contradictions implicit in your argument, let me thank you for crediting my columns in the *New York Times* with an influence I should never have claimed for them. Ingenuously, I had believed that the small, the microscopic, attendances at the Generals' matches were accounted for, first by the unfamiliarity of the sport, second by the poor quality of the football, third by the fact that those New Yorkers who *do* know the game have been "spoiled" for years by the visits of first-class teams from Europe and South America.

True, one's situation as a football journalist was a peculiarly difficult one, in New York. Certainly one wanted the sport to succeed. Equally, one has been brought up to tell the truth; which also entails a refusal to suppress it. If the Generals, and most of the other teams in the NPSL, were playing mediocre football with largely mediocre players, what could one do but say so? The NPSL may have been unfairly treated by the US Soccer Football Association, in some respects. Equally, they must have known when they went ahead with a competition unrecognised by FIFA that they would have to take what footballers they could get; that few if any of the best men would be prepared to risk their future careers in an unsanctioned competition.

Most of these NPSL teams, whether you noticed it or not, were playing *catenaccio*. As Micky Ash, the former Scunthorpe United forward playing for the Generals said, plaintively, "They're all playing sweep." As for the Generals themselves, my comment was, not that they were consistently adopting *catenaccio*, but that they hadn't mastered it. This was perfectly plain in a number of games at Yankee Stadium; before, it is true, the arrival of the free-transfer *deus ex machina*, George Kirby.

In these circumstances, your implication that the New World, brought into being to reduce the balance of the Old (*pace* Canning) is ludicrous. Even when a defence has shipped water as heavily as Toronto's did against the Generals, it is usually thanks to the inept practice of *catenaccio*; not the simple, cast iron expedient it may appear.

Another fallacy is your sanguine belief that these heterogeneous sides will bring something new to the game; other, I suppose, than confusion. Certainly the American melting pot —assuming, as many do not, that the melting really did take place —has given the world a new and vital nation. But the melting—such as it was—took place in an American crucible, and was a thing of generations. Poles, Jews and Italians of the initial generation did not mix; that was left (here and there) to their sons, who had learned a common language.

The polyglot professionals imported by your NPSL clubs have yet to learn a common language in speech, or a common language in football. They don't and won't mix, because they have been brought up to look on football in an entirely different way, to play it at different rhythms, and with different philosophies. Even in countries such as Italy, where foreign players have been imported for decades, the mistake has never been made of allowing them to predominate. Seldom have more than three been allowed in any one team. Thus, a Milan of the '50s could integrate three Swedish forwards, while Juventus absorbed three Danes. The other eight players were Italians. Perhaps you mean that the sons and the sons' sons of these imported players may one day produce a USA team to astonish the world; but I don't think you do; even though Dallas Tornado, of the Other League, hopes to persuade its players to take American nationality.

You say that a child cannot compete with an adult. Fair enough; but my remarks have concerned not the native American game, which has indeed still to progress beyond infant status, but the almost wholly alien teams confected by the NPSL. The hope, no doubt, is that in due time, these players will be replaced by indigenous Americans, now playing more and more soccer in the schools, simply won't be given the kind of hero-figure they might wish to emulate. Even in under-developed football areas such as Dallas and Atalanta, the youngster who goes out in the backyard to "be" Mickey Mantle or Paul Hornung will hardly want to impersonate Bill Bloggs, the free transfer player from a non-League club.

The analogy with baseball is, in the context you use it, a false one, because baseball is not, in any intimate sense, a team game. Like cricket, it is an individual sport, dependent on individual prowess, masquerading as a team game. In any case, your Cubans, Puerto Ricans and whatever are integrated into primarily American teams, just as the Swedes and Danes were integrated into Italian — and now into Scottish—football.

I must not let you manœuvre me into a false position. I strongly believe that the United States, with its forceful methods of organisation and promotion, its vigorous Negro population, its splendid stadia, has an immense amount to contribute to football. But those of us who have wished it well for many years, and who are involved in the world game, won't help American soccer by being over-indulgent. If mistakes are made, especially at this vital stage, they should be firmly pointed out.

With this in mind, I hope you will forgive my outspokenness (a quality, after all, on which your country prides itself) and accept my best wishes both for yourself and for the future of the American game.

Yours sincerely,
BRIAN GLANVILLE

Priority Order Forms for

World Soccer

MAKE SURE OF WORLD SOCCER EACH MONTH—ORDER FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT OR TAKE OUT A SUBSCRIPTION. ORDER FORMS FOR EITHER METHOD ARE PROVIDED BELOW.

To the Subscription Manager, WORLD SOCCER, Sutherland House, 5-6 Argyll Street, London, W.1, please enter a one year subscription for me commencing with issue dated.....enclosed herewith is £1.15.0 (6 dollars) as payment.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

..... *Please cut here*.....

To the Newsagent: PLEASE SUPPLY ME EACH MONTH WITH WORLD SOCCER, PRICE 2/6d.

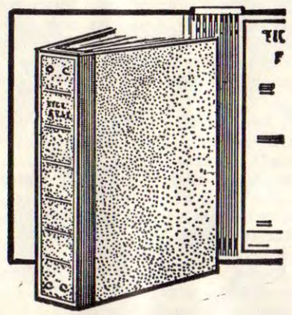
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Barry Mahy (8), formerly of Scunthorpe United, centres the ball for his side, New York Generals, against Pittsburgh Phantoms in New York. (B.J.)

PRESERVE YOUR COPIES OF WORLD SOCCER



A luxury self-binder to house one year's issues of World Soccer

COVERED IN HARDWEARING LEATHERCLOTH. TITLE IN BLOCK GOLD LETTERS.

PRICE 12/6

(plus postage and packing cost 2/-).
***Delivery 10 days.**

Each copy can be inserted or removed easily in seconds without soiling or tearing.

PRESERVE YOUR COPIES: **Send for your binders now to:**
Binders Dept., WORLD SOCCER, Sutherland House, 5-6 Argyll St., London, W.1
enclosing 14/6d. for each binder required (by cheque or crossed P.O.'s.).

Botev Plovdiv soon after their championship win: standing left to right; Tchakirov (coach), Gueorguiev, Stoynov, Gluhtchev, Naidenov (reserve), Apostolov, Karushkov, reserve, Zaduma, Spassov (chief coach). Front: Atanassov (reserve), Nenov (reserve), Popov, Dermendjiev, Nenov, Kiutchukov, Kostadinov, reserve. (O.)

RACING BID FOR TITLE

WORLD DIARY by Roger Macdonald

ONE Racing, the late, lamented Racing Club de Paris, dies: another, Racing club of Buenos Aires, reaches a new, unexpected peak — champions of South America, Celtic's opponents for the championship of the world.

A little ironically, Racing BA were founded jointly by Argentinians and French immigrants who had played for the Paris Racing Club — whose colours are still worn. From this unspectacular beginning in 1905 came a famous club, fashionable under President Peron in the early 'fifties.

In 1949–50–51 Racing achieved a championship hat-trick, and if the departure of many star players to Colombia weakened the opposition, Racing's forward line was little short of the embryo Honved and Real Madrid. At centre-forward they had Ruben Bravo, an omniscient centre-forward, who delighted in escaping close marking by sudden spurts into open spaces. He played a superb match against England at Wembley in 1951, when Argentina, leading for most of the game, all but cracked England's home record ahead of history. Beside Bravo they had Mendes, the graceful engine-room of the team; and Simes, a bustling goalscorer with exquisite ball-control. The wingers were Sued, a clever tactician who gave as good as he got in the clinches; and Boye, the miniature express-train, deadly with his head — whom Genoa brought to Italy late in 1949, but could not cure his homesickness and reluctantly sent him home.

Yet Racing, perhaps more than any other leading club, suffered from the ravages inflicted by Italy's millionaire complex in the 'fifties. They lost a dozen international players, among them Pedro Manfredini, who was transferred because he liked a style of play a little ahead of his time. He scorned the Argentinian custom of scoring from close range, and Racing's coaches thought he lacked the "fantasy" needed for League matches. When he was transferred to Roma for £50,000 in 1959 against his wishes, Manfredini was so upset that he refused to go to a farewell banquet arranged by Racing as a peacemaking gesture. But in Italy, his aggression was vindicated, and he scored 20 goals for Roma in the 1960–61 season.

Curiously, it is the return of an Italian mercenary that brought, last season, Racing's first championship in more than a decade. Humberto Maschio, rising 34, added his immense experience and cool head to young exuberance, setting the pace and direction of play. Both in Argentina and Italy Maschio's career was seen in its twilight, so Racing were able to buy him for a song — they could not afford to pay much, for they are not a rich club, by Argentinian standards.

The reason may have involved less perspicacity than nostalgia, for Maschio was regarded by many as their greatest player. Born at Avellanada, he was signed from a Buenos Aires junior club, Arsenal. Racing pushed him ahead too soon, more or less talked him into the international side, and he had a nightmare first international against, as chance would have it, Italy. But a year later, in 1957, he was capped again, forming with Angelillo and Sivori the "Trio of Death": a reference to the lethal dose they gave defences. Italian clubs descended on them like vultures, and Maschio was lured away by Bologna. He took time to settle, and it was not until he joined Atalanta Bergamo after two disappointing seasons that he found his best form. Italy, looking for a player who could hold the ball, capped him twice in 1962, once, with scant regard for ethics, in the Chile World Cup.

In bare statistics, the new Racing look formidable. In winning the championship they played 25 games without defeat, and were beaten but once in 38 matches — by River Plate, who suffered for it afterwards. Then, in the South American club championship — the Liberation Cup — they had to play 20 matches, winning 14 and drawing four, scoring 44 goals and conceding only 17.

Their two defeats came from the hands of a Bolivian club, 13th October, who won 3-0 largely because of the high altitude; then, in their semi-final group, by Universidad of Lima — who won 2-1 at Buenos Aires with two goals in the last five minutes, after Racing had missed a penalty. A play-off was necessary between the two clubs, which Racing won 2-1 in Santiago, watched by only 8,000 spectators in pouring rain. Two goalless draws with Nacional of Uruguay, the other group winners, meant another play-off, also at Santiago — which Racing also won 2-1, surviving an extremely anxious period when Nacional pulled back a goal in the second half.

The two draws with Nacional do not, one feels, indicate any decline in Racing's attack — rather, that a defence containing the Argentinian international goalkeeper, Dominguez, of Real Madrid fame. It was a test which Norberto Raffo, Racing's opportunist goalscorer, passed with honours, scoring the decisive goal in the play-off from a pass by Cardenas — and both goals, earlier, against Universidad.

Yet in spite of Maschio and Raffo, Racing are really a team without stars. They did not provide Argentina with a single player for the decisive South American championship match with Uruguay — some say this was the cause of Argentina's defeat. Even Roberto Perfumo, full-back in all the World Cup games in England, could not find a place; though his robust tackling, which eventually put Universidad's best forward, Cassaretto, off the field, suggests that his return will not long be delayed.

Much of the credit for Racing's rehabilitation should go to their coach, Jose Pizzutti, who has married successfully the best aspects of South American and European football. While Racing retain the excellent ball control and teamwork we saw from Uruguay and Argentina in the World Cup, there has been no question up to now of keeping possession negatively, of reducing soccer to a children's game of tag in the park. Racing rely on simplicity and speed; they are faster, more aggressive, more positive in attack than any other South American side.

Can they beat Celtic? In one game, perhaps, for their defence looks stronger — though, to be realistic, they have never been tested by a club whose forward line offers such sustained menace as the Scots. In spite of Pizzutti demanding training programme, Racing are not quite as fast, and, almost certainly, they could not keep running as Celtic did against Inter-Milan in Lisbon. In midfield they seem more difficult to pin down, but they have no Gemmell or Johnstone, against whom no defence is ever safe.

If the usual bizarre system is followed, with matches home and away on a points basis, Celtic may be hard put to draw at Buenos Aires to avoid a play-off. For, paradoxically, a play-off is precisely what Racing want, so long as they can win it. They still have a huge overdraft, a legacy from the days of Peron, when the finance minister was a devoted member of the club, and used taxes for transfer fees.

Change of Name

WITHIN a month of winning the Bulgarian championship Botev Plovdiv ceased to exist: they have merged with the Plovdiv University club, Academik, always a good source of players and lacking a first-class ground of their own. Botev's new name is Trakia, Bulgarian for Thrace, which all good classical scholars will know had Philippapolis, the ancient name of Plovdiv, for its capital.

Trakia are coached by former international Spassov, who made his name later with Hapoel, Israel's skilled, attacking side. Spassov is said to be satisfied with his defence, which won the League more or less on its own last season; even though CSKA (the Army club) have cunningly claimed Bontchev, a most promising goalkeeper, now on national service. But Karouchkov, the reserve goalkeeper, is experienced and resourceful, and Trakia have signed Stoinov, a "B" international with great stamina and powers of recovery.

The attack, even with internationals Popov, Dermendjiev and Kostadinov, has often failed to overcome close marking, in spite of Nenov's tenacity in midfield. Dichkov, a crude if effective goalscorer, is a welcome addition, but Spassov was frustrated in his efforts to sign Bonev, a brilliant young player on the fringe of the national team. Bonev agreed to move from Sofia, presumably for some financial inducement on the side, but the Bulgarian FA have said he must go back to his old club, Locomotive — who certainly need him.

Suspension

EVERY so often success seems to go to the head of Russian footballers. Go to the head, that is, in accepting capitalistic ethics that wealth, good living and expensive holidays are expected of those who reach the top of their profession.

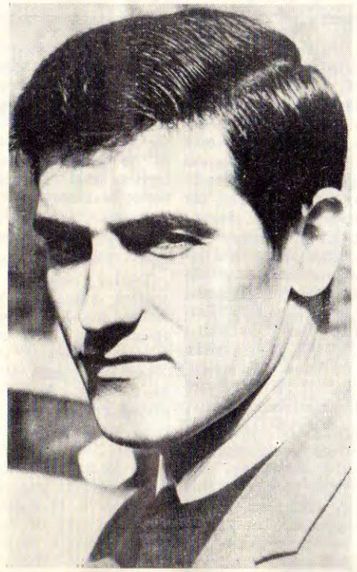
Valeri Voronin, erstwhile captain of the Soviet Union international team, has apparently been guilty of such misdeeds. Newspaper articles complained that he failed to turn up for training sessions with his club, Moscow Torpedo, missed important matches, spent his evenings drinking, and, horror of horrors, made an *unauthorised* trip to a Black Sea holiday resort.

The Russian Federation has dismissed him from the captaincy of the national side, and from the team itself — his last appearance, I believe, was against Finland in the European championship. Voronin has been warned that if he does not mend his ways he will be suspended from football altogether for two years.

If Voronin is not reinstated, his absence will have a serious effect on Russia's prospects of winning the European Championship — remember they finished first and second in the two tournaments held previously as the European Nations' Cup. In the World Cup his flair at wing-half was so vital and impressive: against West Germany, when Russia were down to ten men, he did the work of two, linking defence and attack with solitary brilliance.

Voronin's fall from grace cannot be attributed to immaturity — he was born in Moscow on July 17, 1939, has been a League player since 1958, an international before his 21st birthday. Rather, it is perhaps a general dislike for excessive discipline, always simmering on the surface, which has boiled over into a gesture against authority.

For gesture, certainly, it is — like his open letter to *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, in which Voronin admitted his errors and said he would work hard to redeem his good name. Behind every Torpedo player looms the shadow of Streltzov, jailed for seven years; his biggest crime, in Russian eyes, was not rape but unrepentance.



Valeri Voronin the Russian captain recently disciplined for misconduct. (A.)

Retiring

ALBERTO Costa Pereira, Portugal's answer to Yashin, has retired after a season mainly in reserve football. Costa Pereira came to Benfica from Nacata, Portuguese East Africa, where he was born 35 years ago. By the late 'fifties he had reached world class: his height, supreme suppleness and confident handling enabled him to dominate the extreme reaches of the penalty area.

But it was not until Benfica emerged from the backwater of European soccer that his stature became apparent. Pereira was at his best in a crisis: one remembers his remarkable performance against Barcelona in the European Cup final, when he survived a furious siege with wonderful anticipation and agility.

Against Tottenham, in the next semi-final, his acrobatics to save from Jones and Mackay turned the game. Dukla Prague, the following year, found him an even greater phenomenon: his saves from Adamec at point-blank range were truly inspired.

Now Pereira is to coach the juniors, having received a fine benefit against Bayern Munich.

Pereira's designated successor is Jose Henrique, a young, supple if recklessly athletic goalkeeper, rapidly growing in confidence and daring. Cavem, too, has given way to a younger man — Adolfo, calm and capable, but not as certain in the tackle. Raul and Jacinto are confirmed in the central pivot of defence; they came to Benfica both together, from Leixoes four years ago, and their understanding, already excellent, has become almost uncanny.

Augusto, Torres, Eusebio and Simoes continue as the spearhead of the attack, but the best news is the rehabilitation of Coluna, who injured ligaments so seriously in last season's international against Italy that doctors feared he would never play again. Riera, back to manage the team he first inherited from Bela Guttmann, believes Benfica are stronger now than they have ever been; and he could be right.

Position

THE defenestration of Rijeka, which almost cost Lamza his life, and almost certainly cost Dynamo Zagreb the championship, raised a curious transfer technicality. Lamza had just signed a contract with FC Liege, of Belgium, who had agreed on a transfer fee and in fact paid half the amount into a Yugoslav bank. When Lamza was injured so seriously that, even now, it is doubtful whether he will play again — he literally broke his neck, and an arm, and has suspected internal injuries — Liege had no recourse in law; might, one feels, have been quite liable to pay the full amount.

However, Dynamo have generously returned the transfer fee to Liege, allowing them to sign another Yugoslav, Banovic, in Lamza's place; a rare and spirited gesture. Under the circumstances Dynamo's victory in that perpetual hangover, the Fairs' Cup final, was pleasing, even at the expense of Leeds United, with players such as Skoric, in the great tradition of impassable Yugoslav goalkeepers; Belin, a master technician in midfield; and Zambata, a constant menace near goal.

Seeding Method Will Be A Test

Gordon Jeffery's European Commentary

A LOOK at some of the "other" European competitions before we are caught up in the defence of Celtic and Bayern Munich of the Champions' Cup and Cup-Winners' Cup respectively. A defence, incidentally, made much more difficult for Celtic than it has been for any previous holder of the title because of the unfortunate effect of the first attempt to "seed" clubs for the First Round still, although there are no byes, quaintly referred to as a Preliminary Round.

The intention of seeding is honourable but the method of seeding was so perverse—primarily because it gave more weight to country than to club in what is a club competition, that the result of the exercise wholly defeated its object.

The motive behind the proposal for seeding was to reduce, ideally to eliminate, "preliminary" round ties between the big clubs that were bound to result in the early disappearance of one of them from the competition.

Ties like Inter v. Torpedo Moscow last season, possibly Feijenoord v. Real Madrid in 1965/66 and Anderlecht v. Bologna in 1964/65, certainly Glasgow Rangers v. Real and Everton v. Inter the previous season.

At the same time the possibility of clubs of lesser ability reaching the quarter-final, even the semi-final, stage would be reduced to a test of their ability rather than to the luck of the draw.

Personally I am not an enthusiastic advocate of seeding in a *Cup* competition nor, for that matter, of two-legged ties. The essence of the particular attraction of a Cup competition is that the draw itself, and the chance that for just 90 minutes a minnow might find strength to beat an off-colour giant, does produce surprises — at least in its early stages. We have the ample evidence of the oldest competition, the FA Cup, that although the best team in the country (as shown by the Football League Championship) can very rarely also overcome the Cup hazards to also win that trophy, it is even more rare in professional football for a minnow to win it!

The alternative to a Cup competition that admits of an element of fortune is a Championship based largely on a League system—maybe that will come in the Champions' Cup competition as it came to the European Championship Cup. Nonetheless if the intention is to reduce the luck of the draw, seeding is a good way to do this. But a draw that brings together, as this one has done, Ajax v. Real and Celtic v. Dynamo Kiev on the one hand, and Valur (Iceland) v. Jeunesse d'Esch (Luxembourg) on the other, can scarcely be said to have succeeded! It is even more unfortunate for Celtic in that they are the first holders of the title who have not received a bye! I have been, incidentally, going out of my way to mention Celtic's *title* rather than Cup as a reminder to myself to mention that at their meeting last March, the Executive Committee of UEFA decided to present the original trophy of the European Champions' Cup to Real Madrid in recognition of their remarkable record of six successes in the competition.

There is therefore a new Champions' Cup: also new are the Challenge Cup for Under-23 national teams and the Cup for amateur national teams. Seventeen countries entered for the Under-23 competition with England and Scotland notable absentees from the list: Austria, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Finland, France, East Germany, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Poland, Rumania, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey and Yugoslavia.

The difficulty of arranging fixtures could not have been the reason for the abstentions because the curious pattern of this Challenge (literally) Cup competition is for the holders to be challenged by contenders—one expects this to be in turn and even if the holder is asked to defend twice a year it will be some time before even the original entrants will all have had their turn! Time no doubt will see an annual Under-23 tournament similar to the very successful Annual International Youth Tournament. In the present, a draw had to be made to get the competition going and the lucky pair drawn were Bulgaria and East Germany. Bulgaria have staked their first claim on the trophy by winning by the odd goal in three.

The new cup for the amateur representative teams of the associations affiliated to UEFA is a more decisive championship and, with the Olympics football tournament wholly suspect as an indication of amateur, as distinct perhaps from non-professional, rankings, offers a better indication of the amateur strength of the countries who openly admit to being professional at their higher level. It also, a little sadly, indicates how little, too little possibly, fans care about watching the amateur game in those countries.

Twelve national associations entered and their teams were divided into four groups of three apiece with each meeting the other members of their group twice, once each at home and away. The first match was played at Perth late in February 1966 when Scotland entertained Wales. The Scots won by two goals to nil but only 454 spectators paid to see them do so. That, as it happened, was the lowest at any of the 24 group matches except perhaps for the matches, at Bangor between Wales and the Republic of Ireland and at Llanelly between Wales and Scotland, for which no official returns of attendance appear to have been made.

Top attendance, and the only one to reach five figures, was at Madrid last November when Spain beat France by four goals to one — 10,607 watched the match. Spain indeed seem to have much the most support of the entering countries for their amateur game—there were 8,596 earlier in the year at Malaga to watch the home country beat Italy by two goals to nil. Maybe this influenced UEFA to give Spain the job, and the honour, of organising the final stages of this first competition.

The final match in the group competition was between France and Italy at Brest on December 18. The leadership of the group was already securely in Spain's possession but a reasonable attendance of 5,430 watched France complete the double over the pointless Italians.

Full group results — with the winners qualifying for the semi-finals:

Group One:

Yugoslavia 1, Turkey 0
W. Germany 1, Turkey 0
Yugoslavia 0, W. Germany 0
Turkey 2, Yugoslavia 0
Turkey 1, W. Germany 0
W. Germany 3, Yugoslavia 3

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
TURKEY	**4**	**2**	**0**	**2**	**3**	**2**	**4**
W. Germ'y	4	1	2	1	4	4	4
Yugoslavia	4	1	2	1	4	5	4

Group Two:

Italy 1, France 2
Spain 2, Italy 0
France 1, Spain 2
Spain 4, France 1
Italy 1, Spain 2
France 3, Italy 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
SPAIN	**4**	**4**	**0**	**0**	**10**	**3**	**8**
France	4	2	0	2	7	8	4
Italy	4	0	0	4	3	9	0

Looking at some of the forgotten competitions

Group Three:

Netherlands 1, Austria 2
Netherlands 0, England 0
Austria 2, Netherlands 1
Austria 3, England 0
England 2, Austria 0
England 1, Netherlands 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
AUSTRIA	**4**	**3**	**0**	**1**	**7**	**4**	**6**
England	4	2	1	1	3	3	5
Netherl'ds	4	0	1	3	2	5	1

Group Four:

Scotland 2, Wales 0
Rep. Ireland 0, Scotland 4
Scotland 4, Rep. Ireland 0
Wales 0, Rep. Ireland 1
Rep. Ireland 1, Wales 2
Wales 1, Scotland 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
SCOTL'D	**4**	**3**	**1**	**0**	**11**	**1**	**7**
Wales	4	1	1	2	3	5	3
R. Ireland	4	1	0	3	2	10	2

The favourites were Spain and Scotland, the latter meaning virtually that proudest of all British amateur clubs, Queen's Park, currently celebrating their Centenary—and currently providing the majority of the Great Britain Olympic team. Unfortunately the draw for the final stage matches —staged in Palma de Mallorca last June, brought Spain and Scotland into semi-final conflict with the Scots emerging as the winners by three goals to one. The other semi-final between two more defensively minded teams was won by Austria by one goal to nil and then the Austrians went on to win the Final against Scotland by the odd goal in three. Spain for their part took third place by beating Turkey by two goals to nil.

Austria are thus the first holders of the European Championship for Amateur teams. England can derive some hindsight consolation from the thoughts that had they not, in an ultra-defensive exhibition that would have been scorned between professional national elevens, played that first goalless match in Deventer but had gained a victory there, they might have been in the Final. They did at least win their home match against the Austrians.

A European club competition, well-established now and blessed, if not controlled, by UEFA, has kept the Continental "Pools" running smoothly through the League-less weeks of summer. And this year there had been an added incentive for clubs to do well in their group matches with a prize of 120,000 Swiss francs shared equally by the winners of each of the 12 groups. With Danish clubs making their first appearance in the competition the number of European nations who have at some time or the other had their clubs competing in the RAPPAN CUP is now 15. Eleven of them were represented this summer:

Belgium: Beerschot, Daring, Lierse, Wareghem.

Netherlands: Feijenoord (where, as Eric Batty mentioned recently in a *Soccer Star* report on a Rappan match he had watched at Feijenoord's fine ground, around 45,000 turn up for these matches—that's exceptional support, of course), Go Ahead, GVAV, Sparta Rotterdam.

France: Bordeaux, Lille, Rouen, Strasbourg.

Switzerland: Grenchen, Lausanne, Lugano, Sion, Grasshoppers, Young Boys, Young Fellows.

Denmark: Aarhus, Frem, KB Copenhagen, Vejle.

Poland: Katowice, Polonia Bytom, Ruch Chorzow, Zaglebie.

Sweden: AIK, Elfsborg, Djurgarden, Goteborg, Norrkoping.

Czechoslovakia: Bohemians, Jednota Zilina, Union Teplice, VSS Kosice.

West Germany: Fortuna Dusseldorf, Hanover, Schalke '04, Werder Bremen.

Austria: ASK Linz, First Vienna, Rapid, Wacker Innsbruck.

E. Germany: Carl Zeiss Jena, Dynamo Dresden, Loko. Leipzig, Union Berlin.

Not a bad imitation of a European League, but one that gets ignored by many who occasionally have a rush of blood to the head and advocate one. There are, of course, many who advocate a European League and who are also, not only aware of Rappan but of European football as a whole. I respect their views without agreeing with them because I just cannot see a widespread European League being an economical proposition for the big professional clubs—and a small one could scarcely be described as European! What I chide about is those who talk loosely about a European League with neither knowledge nor interest in what does happen outside of this tight little isle. They do not, in truth, ignore Rappan—they do not know it exists!

True outside of its summer purpose of providing fixtures for use by the various national football Pool competitions, the competition flags but produces its quota of remarkable results. The semi-final of 1966–67 between Zaglebie and Eintracht Frankfurt took the prize in the last completed competition. At home the Polish club won by four goals to one. They should at least have ensured a draw on aggregate but Eintracht at home rushed to a four-nil interval lead. Gzel then levelled on aggregate with a goal 13 minutes from time only for Eintracht to come again with two more goals in the last five minutes.

A little later of course Eintracht Frankfurt featured in a somewhat similar reversal of home and away results in two-legged ties against Dynamo Zagreb in the semi-final of Fairs' Cup—only the aggregate in that semi-final finally went against them. Nor was their topsy-turvy competitive form finished for the season. They are the current holders of the Rappan Cup. They seemed to have made sure of this when they travelled to Czechoslovakia and beat Inter-Bratislava, twice past-holders, by the odd goal in five in the first leg. But back in Frankfurt, the Czech side were winning one-nil (equal on aggregate) at the end of 90 minutes and it was only in extra time that Eintracht Frankfurt got the goal that mattered.

There are some 1967 matches still to be played as I write but in a later issue I will cover the group matches with a few line-ups of lesser-known clubs from lesser-known countries who have been taking part.

Aussies Asian 'No'

THE West Australian Soccer Federation has been denied associate membership of the Asian Football Association.

However, the Asian Football Association secretary, Mr. Koe Ewe Teik, said West Australia's aim to play matches in Asian countries could be met without admitting the federation as an associate member.

Originally the West Australian Federation president, Mr. Julius Re sought affiliation with the Asian Football Association, but after talks with Australian Soccer Federation officials, tried for associate membership.

The Australian Soccer Federation is a member of the Oceania Confederation comprising New Zealand, Fiji, Papua - New Guinea and Australia.

WANTED:
COMPLETE ISSUES OF WORLD SOCCER 1964 and 1965.
J. RICHARDS,
60 The Chase, London, S.W.4.

NO CONFIDENCE?

Do you worry for hours before . . . going out alone, making dates, mixing socially, taking responsibility, travelling, eating out . . .? Do you "wreck everything" by **Blushing, Stammering, Feeling Inferior, Trembling?** *These are signs of a Disturbance Centre in subconsciousness, whose negative impulses deny you your rightful joy in living. Unaided self-help often fails but our simple system will help you to success, as it has done thousands of others over the past 30 years. Details in FREE BOOK, sent in plain, sealed cover, without obligation, in strictest confidence. Post your name and address now, to.* **British Institute of Practical Psychology (BB.18), 67 Highbury New Park, London, N.5.**

Write today for **FREE BOOK**

BLAZER BADGES

HAND-MADE de luxe quality, in gold and silver wire (Aston V., Celtic, Charlton, Everton, Liverpool, Newcastle, Q.P.R., Preston, Spurs, Sunderland, West Ham, etc., 40/- each, Arsenal, Coventry, Glasgow Rangers, Hull, Leicester, Peterborough, Sheffield Wed., West Brom., etc. 45/- each. Blackpool, Chelsea, Crystal Palace, Leeds United, Man. Utd., 50/-, Wolves 55/-, Bradford City, 60/-, etc.). Full League Price List on request.
CRESTED TIES. Send £1 for super Terylene Tie, in chief colour of Club with hand-worked wire/silks miniature shield appearing under knot.
CAR BADGES. Correct coloured designs, chromium plated, radiator grille or bar, and standard base fitting . . . **£2 EACH.**
WALL PLAQUES. What could be nicer to hang in your home? Hand painted, on attractive wooden shield surround, 7" x 6". **PRICE £2 EACH.**
SCARVES. Super quality finely-woven Saxony Wraps in University style, stripes run lengthwise. (60" x 10½") in team colours . . . **35/- EACH.** With **BOBBLE HAT** . . . **40/-.** Orders abroad add 5/- please.

D. J. PARKINSON HAND BADGE MAKERS **124 VALLEY DRIVE, BRIGHTON, 5, Sussex.**

SCOTTISH NEWS
by JOHN STONE

ENOUGH CELTS

WHAT a lot of rot is currently being talked about Scotland's best side to top the Home Countries' section at the end of the current campaign. Fans who flocked to Wembley last spring seemingly have shorter memories than even I could conceivably give them credit for.

Now, the team which toppled England — and launched the most fantastic after-match scenes the London ground has seen in years — no longer seems good enough.

From a hundred and one different sources, the cry now goes up: Make our national side the Celtic side.

That dramatic Wembley victory over England has been forgotten. Now, it seems, only Celtic's magnificent attacking assault on Inter Milan in Lisbon matters.

By all means let us salute Celtic for their magnificent break-through in bringing the European Cup to Scotland for the first time ever.

But let us not have our judgement clouded; our sense of values completely destroyed. To those people currently pressing for 11 Celtic players to make up our national side, I say simply: Do not be ludicrous.

Stein's men were superb against Inter, just as they were magnificent all last season, and, indeed, are still magnificent.

But not even Jock Stein, I know, would claim that his Celtic side contains the best 11 Scottish footballers.

The Wembley victors of last spring included four Celts ... Ronnie Simpson in goal, attacking full-back Tommy Gemmell, and those dashing forwards, Willie Wallace (a late substitute for clubmate Jimmy Johnstone) and Bobby Lennox.

Surely it is being brutally harsh on the other seven players, Greig and McKinnon of Rangers, McCreadie (Chelsea), Bremner (Leeds), Baxter (Sunderland), McCalliog (Sheffield Wednesday) and Law (Manchester United), to write them out of an international side for no other reason than that Celtic triumphed in the European Cup.

Scotland's opening international of the new season is against Ireland in Belfast on October 21. *I say leave the Wembley winning side well alone.*

None of them can conceivably have done their international chances wrong in the interim. Since they went to Wembley and succeeded where countries from all over Europe and South America had failed in the previous 18 months, there can be little at all wrong with the side.

Surely manager Bobby Brown must feel the same way about Belfast, in the past a graveyard of Scottish hopes.

Before anyone runs away with the idea that this match will be a mere cakewalk for Scotland, let me remind them that in the 1965–66 season, Ireland triumphed 3-2 on the same ground. Two years earlier, it was 2-1 to the Irish.

So it will not be easy. Yet two points is what Scotland must aim for in their opening fixture of this so-important season.

That match is followed the following month, on November 15, with a visit to Hampden by Wales. That, too, should on paper be simple for the Scots. But will it be?

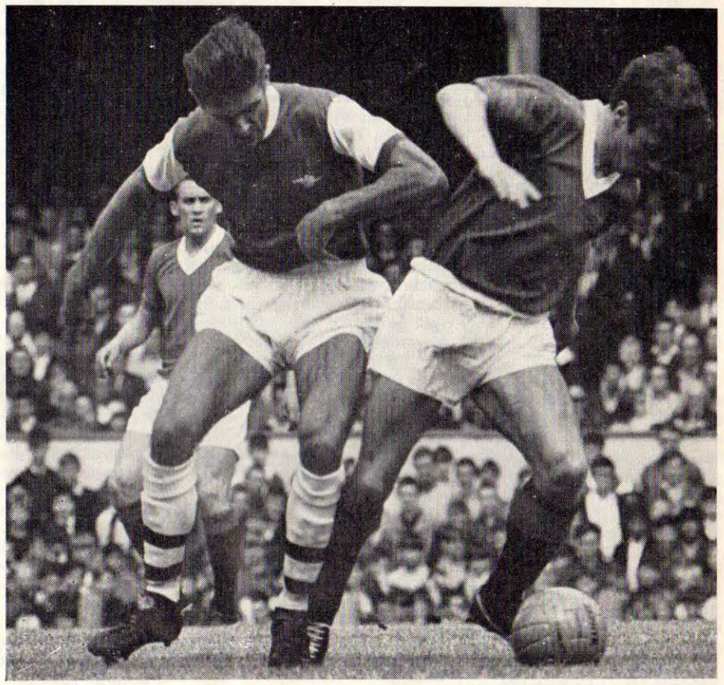
So often in the past, these allegedly simple tasks for the Scots have proved not beyond them through lack of ability, but thrown away nevertheless through over-confidence.

Bobby Brown will not allow it to happen. At last he has achieved what many Scottish critics were beginning to believe was impossible. He has convinced the Scottish paying public that Scotland's national side *must* have a chance of bringing the Nations' Cup back to SFA headquarters in Glasgow.

The men who run out at Windsor Park next month must, unless injury dictates differently, be the entire eleven, or near enough, which won at Wembley.

Let Celtic get on with the business of being the greatest club side Britain has ever produced for European competition.

But let's keep our international side on a slightly different plane. You don't get England fielding full club sides.



This was one moment in the notorious Arsenal-Rangers game when violence didn't flare. Here Rangers winger Willie Henderson beats home defender Peter Simpson. (A.)

Never learn

When will they ever learn ... ? That's the question that has been posed ten thousand times about that hoodlum element among soccer watchers.

Arsenal must have asked it yet again after the pre-season visit by Glasgow Rangers.

Trouble flared at Highbury, and no one could disguise the fact that it was Ibrox "fans" who were responsible.

Is it difficult under the circumstances, then, to understand Arsenal's warning that they are seriously considering dropping a match which, down through the years, has become almost a tradition of British football.

Cut it out, you louts. Too many people get pleasure out of football for a minority element like you to turn them into terrified stay-at-homes.

My overseas readers, I'm sure, will be fascinated to read of the young footballer who, far from seeking his fortune, actually turned one down.

Kilmarnock outside-right Tommy McLean, who has spent the summer months wrangling with his club over a new contract, could have been Britain's most expensive winger now.

Chelsea offered a staggering £70,000 for the youngster, Kilmarnock accepted ... but McLean said "No".

Instead, McLean finally agreed on a new contract with Kilmarnock, resumed playing, and was an immediate success.

Without doubt, McLean is one of Scottish soccer's most precious characters. Because that refusal of £100 a week — and I know full well Kilmarnock cannot hope to match that sort of money — has made him different. His play alone made him an attraction. Now he is a bigger draw than ever before.

Magyars thrash Austria!

HUNGARIAN NEWSLETTER

by LESLIE VERNON

HUNGARY 5 Austria 1—Budapest Nepstadium, 50,000, August 12, 1967. This was the scoreline of an international football match which will never get into the record books, will never be reviewed or analysed by commentators, but will always be remembered with great affection by every single person in the vast crowd who witnessed it.

The match in fact was played between the "old boys", the famous ex-internationals of the two neighbouring countries. The line-ups give ample indication of the talent on display:

Hungary: Grosics; Buzanszky, Banyai; Bozsik, Sarosi, Szojka; Budai, Hidegkuti, Deak, Szusza, Illovsky. **Austria:** Zeman; Kaubek, Stotz; Hasenkopf, Oslansky, Giesser; Horak, Cejka, Korner II, Hammerl, Hofer.

The teams were greeted with thunderous applause when they took the field and the cheering and clapping was continuous all through the brilliant match. These players are now of course heavier and slower, nevertheless the trickery, the finesse, the incredible ball control delighted the spectators. The Bozsik, Budai, Hidegkuti triangle is still able to demonstrate to the stars of today how to build up attacks, and one of their moves brought the first goal taken by "Nandi" Hidegkuti with a diving header!

In the second-half, the Hungarians played scintillating football, reminiscent of the glorious days of the middle fifties. The crowd, and I repeat, *fifty thousand* people paid to see the game, went half crazy with joy—once again, pure artistic classical football captured the Nepstadium.

After the final whistle thousands invaded the pitch, hoisting the sweating, tired, overweight "old boys" on their shoulders, carrying them triumphantly into the dressing rooms. "There wasn't a dry eye left in the house," as the saying goes, a truly magnificent, emotion-filled night, standing out like a shining beacon in the surrounding gloom of present-day mediocrity.

After four rounds of the autumn campaign, the fate of the Championship has been sealed. Ferencvaros are winning their matches consistently, while their rivals are dropping points to lowly opponents. The much improved Tatabanya were the only team which managed to take a point off the green and whites, but the same provincial team beat Ujpesti Dozsa 1-0, inflicting a fatal blow on Baroti's team's aspirations.

This was one of the finest matches of the season so far. A great battle between the high scoring Ujpest forward-line and the well organised uncompromising Tatabanya defence. In the 40th minute a Bene header was kicked off the goal-line by a defender and three minutes from the end Dunai's shot suffered the same cruel luck. In between, one of the home team's infrequent counter-attacks caught the Ujpest defence flat-footed, Szabo scoring easily from 10 yards.

Vasas started the season in great style winning three times, scoring fourteen goals (Farkas 4 v. Eger), but misfortune cost them two valuable points at Komlo. After 34 minutes' play, Meszoly was seriously injured and taken to hospital. The depleted team—in Hungary, substitutes are not allowed, held out until the 72nd minute, when Kerkai scored the winning goal for the home team. Meszoly, who accidentally collided with his own goalkeeper, suffered only heavy bruising and will be back in training shortly. The nine points lead will surely be enough to see Ferencvaros safely home in a championship, where the competition for points is not as fierce as it should be. The gap, in the playing sense, between the leading four teams and the rest of the field, is enormous.

This was the most depressing aspect of Hungarian football that I noticed during my recent visit there. The top four regard their matches against the lesser teams as hardly more than training exercises and the results are foregone conclusions, unless there is a mishap, like the above mentioned Meszoly injury. The most saddening fact is that the weaker teams do not even attempt to win when faced with the giants. They are perfectly satisfied to lose by a respectable score. This situation produces one-sided, over-defensive football and has a corrupting influence on the star players. Their job is much too easy in the majority of the matches, so they become over-confident, lazy and complacent.

It is very difficult to develop players fit for top international tournaments under these circumstances. Players have to be under constant pressure in their domestic competitions to keep their fighting qualities tuned up alongside their ball skills. This pressure is missing from Hungarian football, as demonstrated perfectly in the recent Cup matches. The Cup has never caught the imagination of the public—in recent years it was played off in a haphazard fashion. The chief reason for its existence was to provide an entrant for the Cup-Winners' Cup. This year the FA has decided to give the Cup the status is was crying out for. The rounds were scheduled to be played during the summer months with a "Wembley-Final" in the Nepstadium on November 7, an important national holiday. The matches were played off at a fantastic rate, sometimes two rounds were completed within a week and produced the following semi-final pairings: Ferencvaros v. Gyor, Salgotarjan v. Ujpesti Dozsa.

On the morning of the ties, I was sitting in an expresso eating ice-cream in a vain attempt to keep cool in the suffocating heat. The waiter, who was considered a source of inside information because he was friendly with the brother-in-law of one of the Ferencvaros players, said to me, confidentially, "Don't bother to go to the match today, Gyor will win, and on Sunday, in the League, Ferencvaros will take two points off them."

"How is that?" I asked intelligently.

"Well, we (Ferencvaros) are not interested in the Cup because the Championship will qualify us for the European Cup, Gyor have no reason to try too hard for League points, they usually win the Cup and go into Europe that way!"

"Isn't winning the Cup a worthwhile achievement in itself?"

Nobody cares, this is not the English Cup, you know."

"Why should a team enter a competition if they have no intention to win it?"

"It is compulsory!"

"Why bother to go as far as the semi-final?"

"We had such poor opposition, we could not lose."

I had a good chuckle to myself knowing that such "arrangements" only exist in the imagination of the supporters. Nevertheless, I have made up my mind to compare the Cup and the League matches between the same two teams. The Cup match was attended by 15,000 people, Ferencvaros started off in a leisurely fashion and Stolcz scored for the visitors (26 minutes). Albert equalised before half-time. Gyor were forced to play with *ten men* in the second-half, their centre-back Orban sustained a leg injury after only 23 minutes' play. Despite this great handicap, the provincial team dominated the second-half, scoring twice before Albert made the final score 3-2!

The League match, five days later at the same venue, attracted 40,000 spectators and it was a much sharper, more interesting match. The champions elect played some devastating football, Albert again scoring a goal in each half, but this time there was no answer from the *eleven players* of Gyor. (2-0).

I am certain that there were no irregularities concerning these matches, but the vastly different attitudes of club managements and players toward the League and Cup were made crystal clear to me. Gyor will meet fellow provincials Salgotarjan in the Final. This team of miners defeated Ujpest 3-2, taking advantage yet again from a bad injury. Hard shooting Ujpest "linkman" Solimosi had to leave the field in the 31st minute when his team was actually leading with a Dunai goal. Salgotarjan levelled the score (40 minutes) but Bene put the visitors ahead again. The home team finished off the match with a great rally against the tiring, depleted Ujpest, scoring in the 80th and 89th minutes (3-2). This was an excellent Cup match, great entertainment for the large crowd.

So, even before this year's European Cup competitions began, the Hungarian entries for the 1968-9 tournaments are almost certainly known, surely a record! Ferencvaros for the Champions' Cup, Gyor for the Recopa, and the fight between Vasas and Ujpest for the second position in the League to decide the Fairs' Cup nomination.

Fairs Cup preview by ARTHUR ROTMIL

Tenth tourney under way

THE tenth edition of Europe's longest and most cumbersome competition — the Inter Cities Fairs' Cup, is now under way with 48 teams representing a record 25 countries.

Even before last season's final —between Leeds United and Dynamo Zagreb — had been played, the draw for the 1967-68 tournament was made at Neu-Isenburg (West Germany). For the first time the organisers insisted that the applicants should be graded and selected according to their First Division league position, unless engaged in the other two contests, the Champions' or Cup-Winners' Cups. A staggering total of 90 clubs wished to participate this season and when the organising committee sifted through the entries and pruned them down to 48, only West Germany and Spain were allowed maximum representation with four teams each, and those from the same countries were kept apart, having been divided into eight groups. In addition, a new rule will permit the substitution of a goalkeeper and a field player at any time during the match.

The full draw is as follows: **Group 1:** Malmo (Sweden) v. Liverpool; Lokomotiv Leipzig v. Linfield Belfast; Bologna v. Lynn Oslo (Norway). **Group 2:** Fiorentina v. OGC Nice (France); Eintracht Frankfurt v. Nottingham Forest; Hibernian v. Porto. **Group 3:** Bruges (Belgium) v. Sporting Lisbon; St. Patrick's (Eire) v. Bordeaux (France); Spora (Luxembourg) v. Leeds United. **Group 4:** Wiener Sportclub (Austria) v. Atletico Madrid; Glasgow Rangers v. Dynamo Dresden; Vojvodina Novi Sad v. CUF Setubal. **Group 5:** Servette Geneva v. 1860 Munich; Atletico Bilbao v. Frem Copenhagen; DWS Amsterdam v. Dundee. **Group 6:** Napoli v. Hannover "96"; Zürich v. Barcelona; FC Liege v. PAOK Salonika. **Group 7:** Dynamo Zagreb v. Petrolul Ploesti (Rumania); Antwerp v. Goeztepe Izmir (Turkey); Dos Utrecht v. Real Zaragoza. **Group 8:** FC Cologne v. Slavia Prague; FC Argesul (Rumania) v. Ferencvaros; Partizan Belgrade v. Lokomotiv Plovdiv (Bulgaria).

This season's tournament, like its predecessors, may be regarded as only a third class contest for the lesser fry, but a closer look at the entrants reveals at least ten giants who have already graced Europe's top tourneys, among them four Champions' Cup finalists like Fiorentina, Eintracht Frankfurt, Partizan Belgrade and Barcelona who incidentally won the Fairs' Cup three times already. Next, former Champions' Cup semi-finalists Liverpool and Glasgow Rangers who both also stood in a Cup Winners' Cup final. Atletico Madrid and Sporting Lisbon have, like Fiorentina, each won the Cup-Winners' Cup, while Ferencvaros and Zaragoza are former Fairs' Cup winners.

Entrants

Of the English entrants, Liverpool and Leeds United, who may well start the campaign as holders of the trophy, should have few problems in accounting for Malmo and Spora respectively, but Notts Forest, who in their last European bid in this contest, crashed by 1-5 at home to Valencia—will find last season's semi-finalists and conquerors of Burnley, the Germans from Eintracht Frankfurt a tough nut to crack in what promises to be the clash of the round. Scotland, who have never produced a finalist here, are this time strengthened by the formidable Rangers side who should prove too strong for the East German team Dynamo Dresden who lack experience of European competitions. Dundee United, last season's conquerors of the holders Barcelona, can be relied upon to dismiss DWS Amsterdam, but Hibs must be at their best, if they are to get the better of one of Portugal's top sides, FC Porto.

Former holders like Barcelona have a relatively easy passage against FC Zurich and so have Zaragoza v. Dos Utrecht, while Ferencvaros who appear to be running away with the current Hungarian championship, must progress at the expense of the Rumanians from FC Argesul (formerly Dynamo Pitesti). Other easy ties are in store for Bologna who oppose Norwegian team Lynn Oslo, Fiorentina paired with OGC Nice, Sporting Lisbon certain to dispose of Bruges, Bordeaux who should eliminate Eire's St. Parick's, Atletico Madrid clearly superior to Vienna's Sportclub and Atletico Bilbao who are unlikely to be worried by the Danes from Frem Copenhagen.

Not happy

I am sure that Irish fans cannot be happy over Linfield being paired with one of the most experienced Fairs' Cup contenders Lokomotiv Leipzig, but neither can the supporters of Germany's Hannover "96" who, although strengthened by two international forwards Joseph Heynckes and Yugoslavia's Josip Skoblar, will find the Italian side Napoli more than a handful. Better news for German teams like 1860 Munich who should account for Servette as should FC Cologne who meet Slavia Prague. The three Yugoslav entries can fairly be regarded as favourites to progress: Dynamo Zagreb (twice finalists here already) should know too much for Petrolul, who took Liverpool to a play-off in the Champions' Cup last year, Vojvodina the only side to defeat Celtic also in the Champions' Cup, must eliminate CUF of Portugal, while Partizan Belgrade look too good for Bulgaria's Lokomotiv Plovdiv. Finally, the Belgians from FC Liege and Antwerp who must get the vote to dismiss Greece's PAOK Salonika and Turkey's Goeztepe, respectively.

The home and away ties must be completed by October 8.

Dynamo Zagreb recent winners of the 1966-67 Fairs Cup; picture includes Skoric, Cvek, Brncic, Blaskovic, Belin, Mesic, Kis, Gucmirtl, Zambata, Piric and Rora. (O.)

"I Detest British Soccer" says Keir Radnedge

Pictured: Ferenc Puskas (O)

BRITISH football really does seem to be in a happy state. So does its journalists. And as this seems to be the time of year for everyone to pat themselves on the back, and WORLD SOCCER the magazine in which to do it, why shouldn't I make my own contribution?

Roger Macdonald prophesied an England World Cup win 18 months before the event (even if he has come unstuck over Inter). Eric Batty even included British clubs in his pessimistic, defence-packed epistles (though even he must have felt a slight twinge when Celtic won the European Cup). And Leslie Vernon set forth his own invaluable contributions towards the future of soccer so forthrightly that one marvels at the English FA's blindness in electing Dr. Andrew Stephen as their new chairman.

And me? Well I put my money on Real Madrid and Eintracht Frankfurt, and though neither passed the post in first place both were in the money, at least. But this is really a pointless digression since I here have the intention of grinding one favourite axiom of mine, before anyone else can beat me to it.

Simply this: *I, Keir Radnedge, detest British soccer!*

Not soccer the *game*, of course. Otherwise I wouldn't be the fanatic that makes colleagues check that there has been no recent football match before they come up to say anything to me. (It is not my intention to bore everyone with a lengthy description of how I was a child player-prodigy who gave up playing because I found I couldn't very well play at Schiaffino and Billy Wright at one and the same time.)

But in particular *British* soccer infuriates me. I remember vividly one incident during the World Cup England - Mexico match: Moore and Wilson were quickly attempting one of those short throw-ins whereby the thrower puts the ball directly at the feet of his immediate colleague, and it is returned to the thrower who now stands unmarked *on* the touchline itself. Well, Moore and Wilson tried it. And Bobby Moore, no one within "miles" of him, let the return pass slowly roll under his foot and out again for a throw-in to Mexico.

For me that was a perfect summing-up of British football. The fitness is there. The guts are there. The planning is there. But peak fitness and planning, though they can "make" a good and successful team and good and successful football, can't make a Great team and Great football. And when I talk about Great, I mean Great with a capital G. I mean Hungary (50-54), Real Madrid (58-60), and Brazil perhaps (58 and 62). One tends to misuse the word "Great" (like "fab") but here I am being very demanding in my standards of football (for a change).

The three teams I've mentioned above were Great. They had peak fitness. They had confidence, supreme self-confidence. They had planning. But above all they had talent, Great players. But how difficult it is to define the specific talent of a Great player!

To take an example. To see Puskas at his most magnificent is an experience which, even unforgettable at the time, becomes even more wonderful in the memory as Saturdays turn into seasons. Other performances impress one—or even just one individual facet of a player. I've just been trying to think which performances I've seen in the past year or so might mellow to join that one of Puskas.

THOUGHTFUL

Perhaps Marzolini from that infamous England - Argentina game last summer. But I'm afraid one doesn't get much chance to see cool, careful, thoughtful performances in league and cup matches—however good the overall *effect* of the game may be. Too much hard running! "The ball *should* run faster than the man," Puskas once said. So did Vittorio Pozzo in the '30s. Or was it Hugo Meisl?

So why this British madness in run rabbit run? As soon as a player gets the ball now he pushes it on immediately, and runs hell for leather slap into the massed defence waiting for him. What earthly good is it all? What about some thought? Perhaps a few more Bobby Charltons to spread the gospel. A league match I saw in Stoke a couple of years ago I recall. The Potteries' club were home to Manchester United. Bobby Charlton had a shocking game.

And yet he was obviously at the same time a player *in a class of his own.*

A player can be Great without being hurried. In fact I think perhaps a player must *not* be hurried if he is claimed to be great. A team can tick over with a fully-advanced timing mechanism and be successful. So can a player to a point. But comes a time in every football match when someone should be able to stop and think. The Great teams have such commanders—be his name Di Stefano, Didi, or Luis Suarez. But how often does one watch a leading team struggling against the odds and think: "If only they had someone to take control for them."

Lesser teams also have their commanders, of course. The Spurs side of the early '60s had Danny Blanchflower. And yet when it came to the crunch, and a crucial home second-leg semi-final in the Champions' Cup against Benfica, Spurs rushed willy-nilly into battle. Even Blanchflower couldn't take charge then.

Yet I suppose it may be this kind of "will-they, won't-they?" dilemma which makes football hold its supporters. The kind of situation where one team pulls out all the stops in an effort to pull off a marvellous victory. This is what the thrills of football are all about. Or should the word be "spills"?

Surely the thrills in football only come that way for the very biased fan, and him alone. When one starts to look for Greatness in football, surely one looks out for control, individualism, ability to rise above a team's performance to re-direct it, and technique.

And technique to me is perhaps part of the reason British-style soccer irritates me so. A player good enough to control a team must have the ability to "make the ball talk". In Britain we only have perhaps Bobby Charlton and Law, and a few others who seem to have quite enough inside their heads to match the ability in their feet.

But what thrills me about a good Latin side is the way in which players can so dominate (and control) the ball instantly. Penarol, we all know, have Cortes and Rocha so technically outstanding. Big Nestor Gonçalves and his co-defenders have as much skill as probably most others. Rattin and Marzolini from Boca Juniors' defence, ditto.

DISGUST

I loved one moment in the England-Uruguay World Cup-tie. It came just near the end, when England were still running hard (the British Press seem to use this as a term of praise, but count me out of that one!) and the *Celestos* were warily coasting. Gonçalves expressed pretty well all my disgust in one move. He received the ball deep in his own half, took three attackers out to the right wing, and then back-heeled the ball 30 yards straight back to Caetano on the left flank!

That is showmanship. Also showing off. But nevertheless it is the sign that this player can think rationally and coherently in what could well have been a nasty moment. Any British player in the same situation might well have panicked, and attempted to win a throw-in off the legs of one of his challengers.

You may well say: "But this is how British footballers are made. You can't change the design or the mould." I appreciate that only too well. But I would like to record my disappointment that it is so. I believe a journalist should try to be objective and have no favourites, though this is in practice a near-impossibility. Thus I attend a football match (and not only because I get paid for it) partly in the hope of seeing some vestige of Great football—showmanship, technique, talent.

But I'm sad that I so rarely seem to see what I enjoy, in Britain. Yet it's a scarcity which seems to register with no one else as long as the British are winning trophies. For me it's not just winning that counts, but the style of winning. The British have a *method*, but no *style*.

Now then. Will one of you gentlemen dispute my thesis?

English Review by Leslie Page

FOUR GIANTS TO DOMINATE?

A GLANCE at the records quickly indicates major English League and FA Cup honours will not be easily snatched from the hands of the four clubs who have, more or less, ridden rough shod over their rivals in the last seven seasons. The four giants in question—in case you have not guessed—are Tottenham, Manchester United, Everton and Liverpool.

The two clubs which prevented a clean sweep of the board are Ipswich, League Champions one season and relegated the next, and West Ham United, whose FA Cup victory led them to Europe and a triumph in the Cup-Winners' Competition.

To say the four clubs are managed by some very astute individuals is to repeat what has been common knowledge for some long time. Of course, none of them have been able to capture the European Champions' Cup and so far as Matt Busby is concerned it must be his ultimate aim. This is not the spot to argue that United had far better teams over the years than Celtic last season and yet could not rise to the challenge at the eleventh hour. Celtic made the grade and no English club will be allowed to forget the position which Scottish football now occupies as a result.

Whether Celtic, as a club, are as ready to follow-up and make similar progress again only time will tell. Whether the Continental opposition was as strong when meeting Celtic as it was when facing United and Spurs, will keep argumentative tongues wagging for many years to come.

Europe is now the acme for English clubs, but only success in the home competitions takes them on the journeys which mean so much. With much diffidence, I modestly suggest Spurs and Manchester United are probably better equipped to fight battles against the Continentals than Liverpool or Everton whose records in Europe indicate a brittleness and fallibility which comes from lack of experience in these matters.

Bill Shankly and Harry Catterick will most likely protest that their clubs will not have the opportunity of repudiating these comments this season as neither participate in the two major competitions. Liverpool, though, have been nominated for the Inter Cities Fairs' Cup and to lay claim to this trophy would at least be a stepping stone for the future.

Everton, much fancied for the 1967–68 campaign, are able to call upon a considerable bevy of talent both home produced and purchased at high prices. The extent of the stable can be judged by the attitude the club is prepared to adopt when players lose form and wish to move because they cannot claim a regular first-team place. Jimmy Gabriel, a costly purchase for Southampton, is a case in point and if others also shifted their working quarters, the football world would not be surprised.

The £500,000 spent by Catterick in the '60s has in no way been wasted. That the club has players to spare by the standards of the less affluent, does not bother Everton who, like several others, understand the meaning of true success. Without it they cannot exist. If Everton have been inclined towards top fees for players they need, as instanced by the purchase of Alan Ball, Matt Busby with the transfer of Denis Law and Spurs in the case of Mike England, they have also shared in the spiral of prices.

Busby has, on the whole, produced more Old Trafford signing-on fee men and conjures these performers into the big-time at the moment he feels they are fit to face it. Having done this with Bobby Charlton, Nobby Stiles and George Best, he threw in Brian Kidd for the Charity Shield match against Cup holders Tottenham at Old Trafford and the youngster put up a very encouraging show in a 3-3 draw. Every match indicated the Busby feeling for football flesh had served the club well again.

Billy Nicholson's one pricey buy these last few years was the transfer of Mike England and this was done in the face of Busby himself, expected at that time and still expected now, to seek a replacement for Bill Foulkes. Spurs' introductions have been more modestly arranged, unless we reach back to the moves of Terry Venables and Alan Mullery. Tying price tags on clubs is more difficult than it appears. The leaders build both from inner stores and yet step into the market place when it suits them.

Liverpool's acquisition of Tony Hateley plainly foretold the club, fortuitously placed with two great wing forwards in the older if not old tradition, intended to pursue a rather different policy line than the others. The talents of Peter Thompson and Ian Callaghan will not be ignored at Anfield and a continuity of rebuilding can be forecast without a great deal of soul searching.

Tottenham, Manchester Utd., Liverpool and Everton are clubs, these days, who cannot live with themselves if they are not performing attractively and with a positive plan of action. But they do have rivals who could throw them out of their stride. League runners-up, Nottingham Forest, delicately tuned by Johnny Carey, also in the Inter-Cities' Cup competition, have splashed in the heavy transfer waters most modestly. Joe Baker, from the Arsenal, Frank Wignall from Everton; yet there are names to set the fanatic afire, Ian Storey-Moore, the tireless Terry Hennessey.

Considering Leeds United's shocking injury list last term, the club did amazingly well. Their Inter-Cities Fairs' Final spilled over into September and they will be in Europe again this season. Any number of players Don Revie has at his command,

TONY HATELEY. (A.)

can be counted on to give every ounce for a club which lingered long in Division II before promotion came again in 1964.

Outsiders there must be. Stoke City, of course, because there is a lot of thoroughly reliable, if elderly, talent. Tough, resilient, rugged in the extreme, Stoke could shake us all, or fold up without a whisper. Leicester City must always come into the reckoning. They know the way to Wembley. They are hard to beat at home and Matt Gillies is a guide whom we should not ignore. Outside of Spurs, London will look to Chelsea; controversial, unpredictable. Tommy Docherty will get a second Championship for the club if he busts. After all, they were at Wembley in May, even if the way was prickly and Spurs more co-ordinated and mature on that vital afternoon.

Sticking out a neck is easy enough, but the time for humble pie will not arrive until next May. Stones should be reserved for that juncture. The possibility always exists that Arsenal will still the voices of players wanting to leave the club long enough for Bertie Mee to rely upon a stable combination. But they have promised to climb back to their old station previously and then disappointed their followers.

Alan Ashman's record at Carlisle strongly indicates he is capable of making bricks out of very little straw. At the Hawthorns there is much to admire in stern and forceful play which stood the club in good stead when they won the League Cup two seasons ago. Defeat at the hands of Queen's Park Rangers at Wembley last March was a bitter pill to swallow. Ashman has to restore pride and there is talent at his command which should not be too difficult to cultivate in the ways of success.

The Sheffield clubs continue to present a forecasting problem. None doubt the plundering spirit. Wednesday were at Wembley in May 1966, but the records of both are unfathomable. Crystal gazing is an acute problem and could depend upon a number of factors that will not be revealed until the opening months have passed.

Burnley were strangely off song for them last term. The great team-men of a few years ago are no longer at Turf Moor and Harry Potts, who has known the cauldron of Europe, looks to young men like Ralph Coates to swing a revival of a club strangely lost from national view when they are out of the honours hunt.

Wolves and Coventry taking over from the hapless Villa and Blackpool, will not be slow in attempting to prove they can stand the pace. The influence of Jimmy Hill on Division I football will be interesting to see. Coventry will be vastly supported at home and it will take stout hearts in visiting teams to drag away both points. Wolves and Ronnie Allen are out to show how much we have missed them from the top flight in the past two seasons, the club's first fall from grace since 1932.

Ron Greenwood, who set the theorists alight in West Ham's peak years, has paid plenty to reinforce a defence sometimes frighteningly suspect in '66–'67. Geoff Hurst is still the best poacher in the business after Jimmy Greaves(?); Bobby Moore could have shaken off the excitement of July 1966 and rested into the bargain. West Ham have much to offer football and there are many who want to see their panache once again rewarded.

Danger there must be for Sunderland, Newcastle, Southampton and Fulham; Fulham find it no new experience; the North-East badly need strong soccer sides and wait hopefully for them to arise. With Ted Bates go our best wishes; Southampton held on by their finger-tips last May and the considerable claims of which at least illustrated the players had stamina and a will to live amongst the seniors.

Villa and Blackpool could bound back from Division II and there is money on Villa with Tommy Cummings at the helm. There are plenty of hard challengers who will not give up easily. What price Carlisle parted from the manager who saw them so far along the way? Blackburn seek a return; Huddersfield have lingered since 1956; Bill McGarry has the touch to make Ipswich sparkle and they *were* League Champions six years ago. But Crystal Palace and Millwall are ambitious and Bolton, Birmingham and Preston hope we recall the better days, fast fading now as memories cloud over.

Spurs outside-left Frank Saul (hand raised) nods home his side's third goal in their 3-3 draw with champions Manchester United at Old Trafford. (Green.)

Higher sphere

Queen's Park Rangers seek to make a mark in a higher sphere and Division III is complicated by the arrival of Northampton returning to the point from which their rise started in 1963. Whilst that upward path has not been strewn with roses, they have at least met both Division I and Division II opposition during the peak and decline. If Dave Bowen was sufficiently astute to take them on a mad-cap ride which started in 1961 with promotion from Division IV, it is surely not beyond the realms of possibility for the stay in Division III to be a short one.

Bury, Northampton's relegation mates, did not enjoy fortune in Division II and have now returned to the section they quit in 1961. These arrivals along with Barrow, Stockport, Southport and Tranmere tend to confuse a picture clouded by Watford's failure at the last fence in May Reading, Bristol Rovers, Torquay and Swindon.

Two important matters intruded upon the season at the outset. The new ruling that goalkeepers must release the ball after moving four paces has already put senior 'keepers at odds with the legislators. Time wasting is one thing, but four paces will surely be seen as an impractical solution to the problem. Early indications are that many a referee will be inclined to overlook what in a word could be described as an overstep, until such time as goalkeepers either come to terms with the new dimension or the ruling is referred back for amendment.

The Football League's timely warning to clubs about the control of their players on the park, coincided with a suggestion that contact should be made with Members of Parliament in an effort to coerce magistrates into dealing more strongly with the terrace hooligans whose activities concern the authorities acutely.

Roger Macdonald interviews . . . RAYMOND KOPA

Personality and fame still survive

SOME footballers, even some of the greatest, belong to one style, one era, one concept of the game. Few, even in modern times, surmount barriers of politics and language to sustain a prestige earned more easily at home. Fewer still have a fame and a personality that survive long after the brief peak of their playing career. Di Stefano, Puskas, Matthews, Blanchflower certainly have; Pelé will have; so has Raymond Kopa, now retired, the supreme symbol of French and cosmopolitan football.

Kopa, real name Kopaszewski, came from Polish stock. His father was born in Poland but emigrated to France at 13 and became a miner. He settled in northern France, in the small town of Noeux-les-Mines, where Raymond was born on October 13, 1931.

After a promising but unsensational period with his local club, Kopa signed for SCO Angers in 1949, making his début at 18 and staying for two seasons. In that time he was voted second in the national competition to find the young footballer of the year, and, but for a missed penalty in an important match, he would certainly have won the award.

Remarkable

Kopa's reputation, at this time, rested solely on his remarkable ball-control at high speed. He thought nothing of taking on three or four opponents at every opportunity, and, more often than not, would emerge with the ball, leaving them behind in a crestfallen heap. At this level of play, equal, one supposes, to the English Third Division, his speed, reflexes and demoralising self-confidence enabled him to succeed with outrageous dribbles and finesse. He was untried in top-class football, but he could baffle players who understood brute force better than subtlety.

In 1951, Angers met Stade de Reims in a friendly, and Kopa had an extraordinary afternoon, ridiculing even international footballers with his sleight of foot and magnetic control. Albert Batteux, the Reims manager, said to two members of his board, Germain and Perchat: "We must get this Kopa; however much Angers ask, we must get him." Perchat was doubtful, especially when he heard that Angers wanted three million Old Francs. "After all," he pointed out to Batteux, "it was only a friendly. Under competitive conditions. . . ." "Don't you think we were trying?" retorted Batteux. "Look at our defence. A slim, 19-year-old boy has reduced them to lumps of jelly!"

Reims eventually beat Angers down to 1,800,000 Old Francs and approached Kopa while both clubs were on a tour of North Africa. Germain, now Reims' president, was astonished to hear that his prospective star wanted an exorbitant sum for his signature. Kopa, who had had his fill of mining, felt he deserved more than 20,000 francs a month if his club were to receive several thousand pounds. Germain refused a signing-on fee, so Kopa recalls: "I was quite rude, even for me. 'No money,' I said, 'then I won't kick a football for Reims next season.' "

Batteux, however, convinced his president. "He is young, he wants money, he is only defending his interests. I am sure he is worth a signing-on fee, that you will never regret it."

Architect

Germain never did. In two years, Kopa was the architect of Reims' championship side, which scored 86 goals and conceded only 36, and had their first international success — beating AC Milan in the Latin Cup final at Lisbon. Kopa, too, was capped by France, playing brilliantly against West Germany at Colombes, on October 5, 1952. "Kopa," said Batteux, "is the one player capable of turning my theories into facts; he understands the basis of the Reims' style; he is intelligent, skilful, and, above all, adaptable. With our short passing style, perhaps too much depends on Kopa; put him out of a game, say the opposition, and Reims grind to a halt. But, I reply, who *can* put Kopa out of a game? He is elusive, unpredictable: one might as well try to catch the wind."

RAYMOND KOPA. (O.2.)

Reims, however, were to lose Kopa at the peak of his powers. France beat Spain at Madrid on March 17, 1955, and Kopa's individual virtuosity astonished even the Spaniards. Santiago Bernabeu, president of Real Madrid, made cautious enquiries about him; but Reims were on the threshold of the first European Cup, and the matter was dropped for the time being.

Then, as chance would have it, Real Madrid met Reims in the final at Paris. Kopa played marvellously, but Di Stefano was irresistible, and Real came from two goals down to win 4-3. They offered Reims a staggering 65 million francs, over £50,000, for their star player; Germain held out for a long time, but Raymond wanted to go, and eventually Reims agreed.

"The public's indignation was tremendous," recalls Kopa. "I didn't know whether to be flattered or embarrassed. Many thought I was being disloyal, leaving France . . . but where could I earn such fabulous sums at home? I had to think of my family, my future. I wouldn't be a star for ever."

Kopa and his wife, Christiane, were installed in a luxury flat in the Paseo Castelana. They had everything . . . ". . . yet nothing," interrupted Kopa. "You can't imagine the upheaval in my life. I disliked the food, the habit of eating late; I had trouble with the language, intense loneliness —though the players and Real did their utmost to make me feel at home."

Kopa, too, found a need to adapt himself to Real and Di Stefano's style. "At Reims, I was king," he recalls. "At Real, well, some sort of crown prince or pretender. I felt Di Stefano resented my presence, though he never said anything. He was not prepared to let me play my normal style, where play revolved round my movements and passes. He was Real, the motor; I was merely a small cog in a very big wheel.

Possession

"I wouldn't say I was deliberately starved of the ball; but I was put on the right wing, and told to stay there. So I couldn't go looking for possession, I had to wait for the ball to come. This, I remember, was very frustrating, especially as I was anxious to show what I could do. Over-anxious, in fact; when I did get the ball, I dribbled too much, like a sort of super-Matthews — and I was often caught in possession and injured."

Kopa, though, learned from Di Stefano, and put his knowledge to good use in the French national side. "I became a better player watching how Alfredo made the ball do the work. He could dribble almost as well as I could, but he held the ball to more purpose. By constantly changing position and speed, he created openings, fresh angles, too many for any defence to cover. Then he would bring another man into play creating another new angle for him, an opening to goal."

His skill had been, as he confessed, "a substitute for thinking". His new ability in passing made him more deadly, more effective. Previously, with Reims, he had been the puppet-master holding some of the strings: now he treated his colleagues almost as equals, working hard for them as much as for himself.

The greatest, most astonishing partnership, was with Just Fontaine, in the 1958 World Cup. "It came as a complete surprise, most of all to me. Fontaine, as you know, was supposed to be a reserve. He was playing for Reims then, quite well, but nothing sensational. But Bliard, the leading scorer at Reims, was injured, so Fontaine came in. We hit it off right away. Fontaine had a great shot, and real guts; he didn't mind what knocks he took, so long as he could get his shot in. It was marvellous how he would start running, and take my passes flat out, no matter what they tried to do to him in the penalty area. I remember, he scored 13 goals in 20 shots, nine straight from my moves. He was the sort of player worth making an effort for."

France eventually took third place, beating West Germany 6-3 (Fontaine scored four goals), and might have defeated Brazil but for an injury to Jonquet when they were leading in the semi-final. Kopa returned to Madrid, elated by his success, and persuaded Luis Carniglia, then Real's manager, to let him play in the centre, alongside Di Stefano.

"As I always thought it would be, the experiment failed," said Kopa. "Di Stefano wanted one thing, I wanted another. It was like two generals trying to direct the same army . . . chaotic. So, of course, I went back on the wing after three or four matches. Here, I remember, I would touch the ball only a few times each match. I knew I had the ability, that I could offer more; I felt that at £120 a week, often for five minutes' real work on the field. I was ludicrously over-paid. But Real were champions of Europe, coming up for their fourth successive title; of course they refused to alter their style."

Guaranteed

So Kopa returned home, refusing a new contract which would have guaranteed him earnings of £25,000 over three years. "I was homesick, dissatisfied with the part I was playing on the field, and I had new business interests back in France. Reims, after all, had been second to Real twice in four years; it seemed a small step down."

In the long run, it proved a bigger step. Kopa helped Real defeat Reims in the 1959 European Cup final at Stuttgart, but sustained an ankle injury, which, aggravated in a league match, was to plague him for the rest of his career. The Kopa-Fontaine tandem, so devastating in the World Cup, never took proper effect in the club side. Fontaine had joined Reims from Nice a few weeks after Kopa left for Spain; when Kopa returned, often one or other would be injured alternately, as when Reims played and lost to Burnley in the European Cup. Then Fontaine's career as a striker, scorer of 159 goals in League matches, was brought to an end with a twice-broken leg.

Disagreement

Reims declined, even to the point of relegation; France collapsed internationally, even to the point of failing to qualify for the 1962 World Cup. At the same time Kopa's international career was brought to a premature close by a serious disagreement with the team manager, Verriest, who wanted France to play essentially defensive football. But the real storm came when Kopa used his personal prestige as a lever to help his fellow professionals secure better pay and conditions.

France-Dimanche, a serious paper that does not cater especially for a sport-conscious public, published two articles by Kopa (which, he says, he wrote himself) in the early summer of 1963. They were outspoken, and they caused a sensation, as the introduction for the first suggests:

"Today, in the middle of the 20th century, the professional footballer is the only man who can be bought and sold without any say in the matter, like a mediæval slave. Kopa claims that professional footballers are nothing but slaves, and cites his own career as an example. How he was sold before he reached his majority and how his father, knowing nothing of the significance of the regulations, made him the absolute property of a club until his 35th birthday, for which he received some 100,000 Old Francs."

When Kopa was called before a commission of the French League, it was significant that his second article, on players' conditions, was ignored—its facts were incontestable. The commission were hard-pressed to find fault with his first article, and eventually they asked him merely to withdraw the word "esclaves" (slaves). Kopa refused, and Bertrand, his legal adviser and solicitor to the French Professional Footballers' Association, quoted the standard definition of a slave: "une chose qu'on vend . . . dont on dispose absoluement" — "someone whom one sells . . . whom one can dispose of without restriction" — and pointed to article 23 in the French League regulations. These contained the damning sentence, "It is only after the two clubs have agreed terms that the conditions that concern the player personally may be discussed." Kopa was given a six-month suspended sentence, light enough to suggest that his remarks were justified.

"I knew, however, after that," says Kopa, "that only an enlightened team manager would choose me for France again. One could never, in all truthfulness, describe Verriest or Guérin in such terms. The establishment disapproved of my rebellion. It made life better for the players, more difficult for the administrators. But I was not sorry for that. I wanted the next generation of footballers to have a better deal than I had had. They said I should not have complained, for I had become rich; if I have, it is not through French football alone, and I have been lucky.

"Though I hadn't played for France since the match with Hungary in November, 1962, I felt I could have been some use in England during the last World Cup. All right, so I was slower, but I would not have been petrified by nerves, as our team was. Gondet, I thought, could have been my second Fontaine; as it was, there was no one to feed him with passes. Maybe it's all wishful thinking, but one thing is certain: France could scarcely have done any worse."

Statistics

Kopa, in pure statistics, was a remarkable player. He appeared in three European Cup-winning teams, for Real Madrid; the 1956 final, for Reims; in four French championship teams, 1953, 1955, 1960, 1962; in two Spanish championship teams, 1957 and 1958; in 45 internationals; once for the Rest of Europe, in 1955, and once for the Rest of the World, in 1963. His name, under the benevolent exploitation of a Puy industrialist, Soleillant, earns him some £10,000 a year in the "Group Kopa", the leading manufacturers of sports equipment in France.

This, though, is sadly significant. The French cling to Kopa like the English once clung to Matthews, a symbol of past glory, shining the more brightly because of present decadence and decay. With Kopa's retirement, French football has lost more than a name; it has lost a vital organ within the weakening body itself.

International Review

by **GORDON JEFFERY**

● *Continued from page* 13

Often it is true the opposition was slight — Norway, Luxembourg, Morocco and Albania for example and West Germany were harder pressed in their April match against the Bulgarians—at home they won by the only goal of the match. Then in May they travelled to Belgrade in a European Football Championship match—and lost one-nil to Yugoslavia. Albania in the same group are unlikely to trouble either West Germany or Yugoslavia.

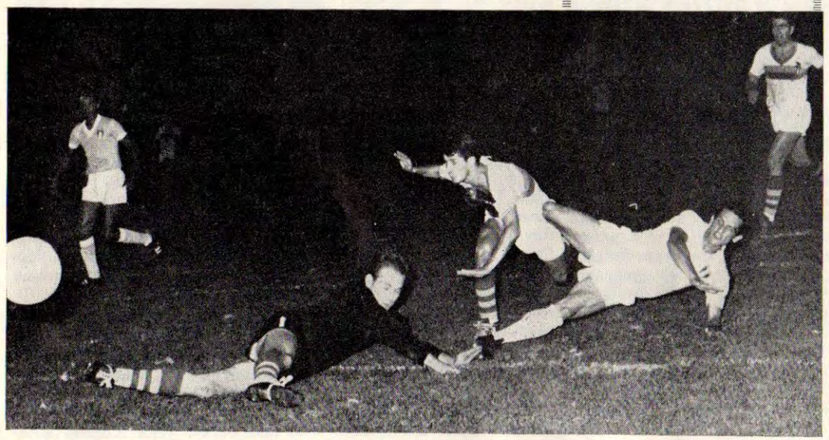
The crunch comes when the Yugoslavs come to Germany. The West Germans should win but the Yugoslavs may need only to draw. How ironic if the top three in the 1966 World Cup all fail to reach the quarter-finals of the European Championship!

forward instead of a commanding centre-back. Scotland were in no mood to throw away the advantage and the World Champions were beaten — and beaten in a match that is a part of the European Football Championship. England's subsequent victories over Spain (home) and Austria (away), both with several team changes (some deliberate but most enforced) cannot regain the lost EFC points—but they can serve to keep the England *club* in good spirits.

West Germany, the beaten World Cup finalists, are in a similar position. Unlike England they declined to carry on with their Cup Final team—this did, of course, include players from abroad such as Brulls. Haller and Schnellinger, so changes were imminent. But these apart the West Germans seem disposed to spread themselves more over the very wide field of selection and six victories between October 1966 and April 1967 in six matches was satisfactory to all concerned.

COLIN JOSE reports from Canada . . .

Mexico win in Winnipeg



Toronto Falcons v. Toronto Inter-Roma. Left to right: Garcia (Falcons), Gerhart Fehrle (Roma), Allan Harvey (Roma), Carlos Metidieri (Falcons) and Bobby Nicol (Roma). (Hamilton.)

FOUR goals in extra time gave Mexico a 4-0 win over Bermuda in the Pan American games soccer championship, in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The Mexicans dominated play throughout regulation time but were unable to put the ball in the net. But the first goal in overtime by Lapuente started a goal rush, and inside-right Vicente Perada added three more.

Eight teams contested the tournament which caused quite a few surprises, not the least of which were the attendances, which were much higher than expected.

The teams were divided into two groups, Trinidad and Tobago winning Pool A and Canada Pool B. The runners-up in each pool, Mexico and Bermuda, joined the leaders in the semi-finals.

Results:

POOL A

Mexico 2, Argentina 2
Trinidad 5, Colombia 2
Mexico 1, Trinidad 1
Argentina 5, Colombia 0
Mexico 3, Colombia 0
Trinidad 1, Argentina 0

POOL B

Bermuda 7, United States 3
Canada 2, United States 1
Canada 2, Cuba 1
Cuba 1, United States 2
Bermuda 2, Canada 2
Bermuda 1, Cuba 1

Semi-Finals

Bermuda 3, Trinidad 1
Mexico 2, Canada 1

Play-off for 3rd place

Canada 1, Trinidad 4

Final

Mexico 4, Bermuda 0
(after extra time)

In the semi-finals Mexico outclassed Canada and only the brilliant goalkeeping of Peter Greco of Montreal kept the score down. A crowd of just over 11,000 saw Canada score first through Jimmy Baird, but goals by Perada and Juan Dosal gave Mexico a well deserved win.

Bermuda were the under-dogs in the other semi-final but they surprised everyone by beating Trinidad 3-1; however, they could not repeat their success against the more experienced Mexicans in the final.

Biggest disappointment of the tournament were the Argentinians who could only beat Colombia, and tie with Mexico. The Colombians fared even worse, and in their game with Mexico walked off with eight minutes left in the game. Earlier referee Keith Dunstan of Bermuda had sent off four Colombian players.

Canada with its 2-1 win over Cuba gained revenge for a 2-1 defeat earlier in the year when they were knocked out of the Olympic Games tournament by the team from the Caribbean island.

A total of 80,000 people attended the soccer games.

Once again referees are in trouble in Toronto, where Ken Stokes was attacked by fans following the National Professional Soccer League game between the Toronto Falcons and the St. Louis Stars.

The trouble arose over a penalty that was awarded to the Stars, and one that the crowd thought should have been awarded to the Falcons. Joachim Puls scored for St. Louis after Toronto centre-back Bill Burelli had pushed Pogrzeba off the ball.

Three minutes later one of the Stars handled the ball on the edge of the penalty area, but despite fervent protests, and after the referee had consulted with linesman Bill Knox, the Falcons were awarded a free-kick on the edge of the area.

Afterwards Ken Stokes said that the players were confused by the field markings, for Varsity Stadium had been used for a game of Canadian football a few days before, and there was another line just in front of the actual penalty area.

At the final whistle prompt action by St. Louis captain Carl Gentile, who grabbed Bill Knox and rushed him to the dressing room, saved the linesman from possible injury, as several fans threatened. One fan did get at the referee, hitting him on the head with a soft drink container.

Injuries to key players and in particular to Ladislav Kubala snuffed out the Falcons' mid-season drive to escape the Western Division basement, and the team look only a shadow of their former selves.

Throughout the season's ups and downs a hard core of fans have been loyal, and this was emphasised on the night of the game with St. Louis when 3,273 people showed up, just about the season's average. On the same night the Toronto Argonauts were at home to the Montreal Alouettes in a Canadian football game and this was attended by over 29,000, but most important it didn't affect the Falcons' average attendance.

The Canadian Television Network (not to be confused with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation) will be doing soccer a great service this winter by showing a first division game every Sunday afternoon, starting September 17.

This is a big break-through for soccer in Canada, for it will maintain interest in the game throughout the long close season.

In the Ontario National League the Hamilton Primos lead Sudbury Italia by just two points.

The two teams met head on, on consecutive week-ends at the beginning of August, the Primos won 2-0 in Hamilton, but lost 2-1 in the Northern Ontario mining city.

In Sudbury, Italia took a 2-0 half-time lead on goals by Deni and Biccinni. Hamilton hit back strongly in the second half and John Kerr scored his tenth goal of the season, but poor finishing ruined the Primos' chance of equalising.

Hamilton have several players in their line-up who have had experience with British teams. They are goalkeepers Jim Brown (Stirling Albion), and Dick Howard (Chester). Full-back Ken McDonald (Kilmarnock, Carlisle) and forwards Jackie Thoms (East Fife), Dan McLardy (Rangers) and John Kerr (Partick Thistle).

Both Toronto Falcons of the NPSL and Detroit Cougars of the USA are interested in Kerr, but the Primos are not interested in selling.

Toronto Inter-Roma, strongest team in the league on paper,

● *Continued on page 37*

THAT PRICE OF FAME

by

KEIR RADNEDGE

WROCKWARDINE Wood FC are an amateur club who play in the West Midlands League. They were unknown yesterday. Today they are unknown. Barring an Act of God they will still be unknown tomorrow. But minor club or not their idea of entertainment is as good as that of any professional club when it comes to a film show. They put on such a show recently, and the powers-that-be couldn't have chosen better—the 1960 European Cup final.

That single match between Real Madrid and Eintracht Frankfurt is nowadays regarded as a great classic of the past. I've even heard it acclaimed as, "last of the pure soccer".

Without a doubt it is wrong to look back too much. But a great deal can be learnt, I think, even by those people who tend to look askance at those who still go back to that game for their examples of magic (like me). They believe that football is better now than at any time, even just seven years ago. Perhaps generally this is true, but that doesn't mean that great football wasn't played then. For my part Wrockwardine Wood FC deserve a hearty vote of thanks for giving me a chance to see that match again, and enhance my fading memory of the occasion.

Before the film commenced I was really concerned that it wouldn't be the game I thought I remembered. I was afraid I would be sadly let down and disappointed. So much so that when I asked Jackie Charlton (the guest of honour) how he thought Leeds would get on in the Fairs' Cup final, I made the blunder/slip of asking how he thought Leeds would play against *Eintracht Frankfurt*! And I knew full well that the previous week they had been defeated in the semi-final by Dynamo Zagreb. (England's World Cup stopper pretty sharply corrected me.)

Yet despite all my forebodings I wasn't disappointed in the least. Even my girl-friend, who hadn't been at all keen on attending the show in the first place, enjoyed the film.

It is still a great match.

It was great at the time. And the seven years that have passed since it was actuality have added new dimensions to it.

It seemed such an open game! The two teams, when they had possession of the ball, went forward in all-out attempts to slice to ribbons the opposing defence. That they were allowed the chance to do this was due to much laxer close-marking defensive systems than we generally see today. Also to the fact that the *wing-halves* on both sides took a tremendous share in the attacking build-up.

The spindly Vidal and the dapper Zarraga were continually coming up right behind Puskas and Di Stefano, leaving only Santamaria to guard the centre of defence. A further point to notice under this régime was that the wing full-backs stayed right back all the time to cover the stopper. They wouldn't, and couldn't, permit themselves the attacking luxuries of a Facchetti, Gemmell, or Schnellinger.

With the wing-halves thus taking so much of the attacking onus, a far greater threat was being constituted to the centre of the opposing defence, it appeared. In this match's 1967 counterpart, for Inter-Milan Bedin stayed alongside stopper Guarneri throughout, though being nominal "right-half", and "left-half" Picchi was right around and behind 'em both! But in the 1960 match all four wing-halves were prepared to move far upfield. The last defender before their own 'keeper *was* the stopper.

Also, with so many *real* forwards operating, the wingers tended to stay right out on their touchlines. The opposing defensive net was thus forced to cast itself thinly right across the breadth of the pitch, and not merely be concentrated in one small space inside the penalty area.

In many ways this seems a complete contradiction of today's football. How it has changed, this game, in seven years!

Today the "old" wing-halves are committed to covering the stopper, where once it was the duty of the full-backs. Now it is these wing full-backs who carry the main emphasis from deep defence in support of their attackers. On paper this should mean that attacks are worked up the wings still, and that the opposing defence is still spread wide as before. Yet it doesn't seem to work that way in practice! Today the sweeper is there on both flanks to mop up the raid as soon as the man from the wing cuts inside and threatens any danger.

I've always maintained that it is making gaps in the centre which counts—not out on the wings. The wings can—and should—be used to lure defenders away from the centre. But this is only of any use if by so doing a sizeable gap is created for a player in the middle.

But not only good wingmen can create gaps. So can breakaway attacks. It happened on several notable occasions in the Real-Eintracht game: Del Sol sent Gento away from the half-

● *Continued on page 37*

Luis Del Sol, one of the most talented players in Italy. (A.)

Goals galore—all types too!

WEST GERMAN NEWSLETTER by Arthur Rotmil

THE start to the fifth Bundesliga season drew crowds totalling 323,000—an average of 35,888 per match. There were goals galore, 33 in fact and something to everybody's taste in the shape of acrobatic overhead goals, rocket-like shots, headers, a goal direct from a corner, a hat-trick and even three own goals.

The most incredible was seen in Bremen, where Hamburg's Uwe Seeler produced one of his famous overhead volleys, but though 'keeper Loweg pushed that one away, Charly Dörfel fired home the rebound with another overhead kick! But the most valuable goal was scored by 20-year-old Ludwig Bründl, giving runners-up 1860 Munich a last minute 1-0 home victory over champions Eintracht Brunswick. This match-of-the-day delighted a 37,000 crowd, moreover as the other local club and European Cup-Winners' Cup holders Bayern made short work of newly promoted Alemannia, winning by 4-0 at Aachen, where Roth, Hermanndung o.g., Ohlhauser and Beckenbauer were the scorers. Even Uruguay's World Cup captain Horacio Troche could not stem the tide, but at least three of the goals were avoidable. Both Munich teams were more or less unchanged from last season but champions Brunswick, weakened by the absence of Ulsass, paraded their acquisitions in defender Horst Berg (ex-Saar 05), plus forwards Gerhard Elfert (ex-Mönchen Gladbach) and Michael Polywka, formerly with Carl Zeiss Jena (East Germany).

The day's biggest crowd was 50,000 who packed the Neckarstadion in Stuttgart to cheer VfB's 4-0 triumph over Eintracht Frankfurt, for whom World Cup 'keeper Hans Tilkowski, transferred from Dortmund in June, made an unhappy debut. Hamburger SV's fine, 4-1 away win over Werder was their first at Bremen for 13 years! The Dörfel brothers, Hans Schulz and Kurbjuhn got the goals, while German soccer history was made here, when HSV's Turkish-born goalkeeper Arkoc Ozcan (ex-FK Austria) hurt a finger in the 20th minute and was replaced by Schwerin, this being the first substitute used under the new rules introduced this season and applicable to both League and Cup matches. HSV's other newcomer, international inside-forward Werner Krämer (ex-MSV Duisburg) laid on one goal but otherwise had a quiet game.

Watch Hannover! Strengthened by defender Josef Hellinggrath (ex-Düsseldorf) but particularly their international forwards Josef Heynckes who scored two great goals — and Yugoslavia's Josef Skoblar, last season on loan to Olympique Marseille — they slammed Cologne by 3-0 at home. The hero of Borussia Mönchen Gladbach's 4-3 win at Schalke was their new signing Peter Meyer (ex-Fortuna). This bustling 27-year-old centre-forward, bought to replace Rupp and Heynckes, celebrated with the season's first hat-trick, one of his goals coming direct from a corner kick! FC Nürnberg's new Yugoslav star right-winger Srdjan Cebinac also had a great game and a hand in both goals by Heinz Strehl in the 2-0 win over Karlsruher SC whose forward-line featuring Günther Herrmann (returning after a three year spell with Schalke) and French international left-winger Gerard Hausser (ex-Strasbourg), was strangely impotent.

Also on the losing side were newly promoted Borussia Neunkirchen who went down by 1-2 at Kaiserslautern, while the only drawn game (2-2) was between MSV and Borussia Dortmund—who badly missed the services of the injured Sigi Held—at Duisburg, where thousands of fans, including many ticket holders, were locked out of the ground.

The second championship round left Bayern alone at the top, as the only team with maximum points and not having conceded a goal. Four clubs are still pointless, among them Karlsruher SC and Alemannia Aachen, without even a goal to their credit. Four times the score was only 1-0, while Eintracht Frankfurt and Werder Bremen fought out a goal-thriller won by the former, 5-3. A total of 280,000 fans saw 22 goals in nine games and the day's biggest crowds (38,000 each) watched the two Munich teams at home and in Cologne. Bayern's home clash with the "dark horses" Hannover, was decided by "Bulle" Roth who tricked three defenders to score with a cross-shot seven minutes from time. Twice the visiting sides saved points through last minute goals. Ludwig Müller equalised for Nürnberg (2-2) against Borussia at Neunkirchen, while Kentschke shook a 33,000 crowd at Hamburg by levelling the scores (1-1) for Kaiserslautern versus HSV, whose goal came from Uwe Seeler.

Eintracht Brunswick's inside-left Lothar Ulsass missed the opening games of the new season through injury. (Met.)

Poor affair

Champions Eintracht Brunswick were without Ulsass, Polywka and Dulz but a 21st minute goal by half-back Schmidt gave them a 1-0 home win over Schalke. Cologne's 1-0 victory over 1860 Munich, thanks to a header by Flohe, was a poor affair with several players preferring to fight rather than play. The only away success of the day, was registered at Karlsruhe where MSV Duisburg scored two late goals in the 73rd (Van Haaren) and 83rd minutes (Gecks), to triumph by 2-0. Eintracht Frankfurt made amends for their bad start and gave a spirited display to defeat Werder by 5-3 in the highest scoring game to date. For a long time VfB Stuttgart looked like winners at Mönchen-Gladbach, until a 68th minute goal by Meyer—now the Bundesliga's top scorer—gave the home side a 1-1 draw. The first player to be given marching orders this season was Aachen's Pawellek, who retaliated against Emmerich, in Borussia Dortmund's 1-0 (Wosab) home win over Alemannia.

Man of the moment: Bayern's 21-year-old Franz Roth, already pencilled in by Herr Bundestrainer Helmut Schön, for West Germany's first international of the season v. France, in Berlin, on September 27. The scorer of that "golden goal" in Nürnberg which defeated Glasgow Rangers in the European Cup-Winners' Cup final, he has already hit two vital goals in the first two league matches and is widely tipped to form a new midfield partnership with club-mate Beckenbauer in the national side. But there is concern regarding the fitness of World Cup star Sigi Held, still out of action with a mysterious foot injury. Neither extensive examinations nor X-rays could reveal anything serious, yet Sigi is in pain every time he kicks a ball.

THAT PRICE OF FAME

● *Continued from page 35*

way line, and the winger was fouled in the penalty area—result, penalty goal for Puskas; another break by Del Sol on his own, and Puskas scored again; a break by Kress, and Stein crashed through three tackles on the edge of the Real area to score; almost immediately, at the other end, Di Stefano was away to shoot against the post.

Breakaway goals were still something of a novelty. I remember it was said at the time that Real were a defensive side, luring the opposition upfield, and then exposing them. Perhaps Real seemed defensive then. But compared with today's "stop-go" soccer their play was as open as *that*.

When they moved upfield, *everybody* moved up. It was very like Argentina from the last World Cup. Real made a point of keeping possession of the ball. If a forward had the ball and was being crowded out, the two wing-halves were steaming up in support to take over from him.

When Real advanced they didn't seem particularly concerned about the opposition's rapidly-sealed defence. They knew they could create chances because of the skill of their own forwards. And since the forwards weren't being tightly marked, with *their* talents they were well able to exploit their freedom. Gento, Del Sol, and Canario all frequently showed the acceleration and at the same time high skill to beat three or four opponents at top speed.

In the grace of this Real play there never appeared to be any urgency. The ball was moved easily—at times it seemed pointlessly—from unmarked man to unmarked man. And then suddenly that man was Di Stefano or Puskas and the whole match would spring to life. The other players carried out Di Stefano's orders, and in the main looked to work the ball into the spaces upfield for Puskas.

Neither were Eintracht merely content to play second fiddle. They had the same outlook as Real. The open build-up. The use of the wing-halves and not the wing full-backs to help the *five* forwards. The thrusts directly at the centre of the Real defence. Comparatively rarely did either goalkeeper in fact have to take the ball out of the air. But many times they were in action to deal with shots from players who had had their chances created in the centre, and who shot hard from the very limit of the penalty area.

This shooting was tremendous. But mainly because there was so much more than in a match nowadays. Naturally many more shots were bang on target!

It was a match also in which we saw some thrilling though unfortunately fast-disappearing individual play. Today a player no sooner has the ball than he moves it on to someone else, whether there is any immediate danger or not. But both Real and Eintracht in 1960 had players prepared to hold the ball and go it alone. It wasn't so strange then. But it's indeed rare now.

To watch again the cheeky tricks of Gento and Di Stefano was a privilege. Also to watch the fantastic amount of running put in by Luis Del Sol, now an Italian Champion with Juventus. One wonders what would have happened had he stayed with Real Madrid.

A great match. And for anyone today an interesting one. A different match. Different even because the situation seemed misleadingly less vital than had the match been played today. In fact, only by winning that glorious match could either Real or Eintracht have gained entry to the following season's competition, as holders.

Since Jackie Charlton said he believes that football over the past ten years has improved, then presumably he means it has also improved since 1960. The overall standard, yes. But the very reasons which he pinpointed for this—a lot more speed, thought, and with so many more prizes dedication, have instead led to one terrible thing.

They have led to a drastic all-round tightening of defences, retraction of forwards. They have led to merely functional and regimented methods of playing. Today we talk about most of the top British clubs playing "method-football". And yet which team is the biggest crowd-puller? Manchester United. The team with the greatest preponderance of individual talent.

The team with players who like to bring out their gifts—whether it's the natural class of Bobby Charlton, or the delight in attempting something new by Denis Law, or the sheer talented enthusiasm of Georgie Best. These are the players, and this is the team, which draws the biggest crowds today. Because Manchester United is the team which provides the best "spectacle".

And spectacle is what the crowds want to see. It's what made the kids at the film-show whistle and yell with wonder at the flickering grey images before them.

Jack Charlton (glass of beer in one hand, cigarette in the other) said that football is *definitely* better than ten years ago. But perhaps *better* should read *successful*: football is more successful and more geared to success than ten years ago. For with the advent of massed defences and tight man-for-man marking, the rigidity which the need to be successful has brought about has eliminated its greatest asset which could ever sell soccer to the general public, particularly during competitions so publicised as the World Cup—its sheer grace, poetry, beauty, and spectacle above all.

These four things provide the sheen that can take a good team to the very heights of a great one. But judging by today's "high" standards there will be no further great teams for a long time to join that illustrious post-war trio of Hungary (1950–54), Brazil (1958 and 1962), and Real Madrid—*vintage* 1960!

MEXICO WIN

● *Continued from page 34*

have dropped out of the running for the league title. The trouble is off the field, for the club has not played for several weeks, and reports have it that they have quit the league.

Inter-Roma were assessed a 400 dollar fine for using two players illegally, and the players were fined 100 dollars each. The players were Giorgio Piotti and Carlos Metidieri who are the property of the Boston Shamrocks of the USA.

Both players are due to appear with Boston next season and were playing with the Toronto team until that time. However, some legality seems to have been overlooked, hence the fine.

The league table still contains Roma's record until the matter is settled.

ONTARIO NATIONAL LEAGUE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Hamilton Primos	15	12	0	3	49	12	24
Sudbury Italia ...	15	10	2	3	24	14	22
Toronto Hellas ...	17	9	1	7	35	34	19
T'nto Inter-Roma	12	9	0	3	36	14	18
Windsor Teutonia	15	8	1	6	32	24	17
Toronto Hungaria	15	7	2	6	45	41	16
T'nto Portuguese	13	3	5	5	21	22	11
Toronto Croatia	15	4	2	9	31	49	10
T'nto W. Eagles	13	4	1	8	20	48	9
Kitchener Kickers	14	3	3	8	23	34	9
Toronto Olympia	13	2	4	7	14	27	8
Toronto Ukrania	13	2	3	8	14	25	7

(Up to and including August 15th.)

Lawrence

THE **BIG NAME** IN THE **BIG GAME**

THE ALBION

£8—0—0

Best French Calf Lined with Persian. Sole: White Nylon.

QUEENS PARK RANGERS F.C.
DIV. III CHAMPIONS 1967. LEAGUE CUP WINNERS 1967.

ENFIELD F.C.
WINNERS F.A. AMATEUR CUP 1967

WEST BROMWICH ALBION F.C.
LEAGUE CUP FINALISTS 1967. WINNERS 1966.

Wear LAWRENCE Soccer Boots

Available at your local stockists. Send for leaflet.

LAWRENCE SPORTS LTD.,
STANWICK, WELLINGBOROUGH, NORTHANTS.

Problems Facing the Irish Game

IRISH NEWS by Colin McAlpin

WHAT a start to the new season in Northern Ireland! Glentoran fans got the 1967–68 Irish League (Ulster Cup) programme off to a dismal start when they staged the first riot at Coleraine's Showgrounds where the Glens—holders of the Ulster Cup—were lucky to run out 3-1 winners against a classy Coleraine.

What's to be done about those terrible supporters who insist on ruining games with their hooliganisms? Isn't it about time the Irish League, Irish Football Association and the individual clubs got down to some serious thinking on this matter?

At home the Glens have already taken steps to control their wild supporters. More than £1,000 was spent during the summer break in erecting spiked railings on the wall surrounding the Oval pitch and in providing cross barriers to stop the migration of supporters from one end of the pitch to the other at half-time (this is one of the most serious problems in the Irish League as hundreds of trouble-makers swarm over the pitch to get to the other goals the better to bait opposition goalkeepers).

And the Glens have gone even further. Explained chairman Harry McNeely: "We have arranged with the police to seize and eject from the ground anyone who attempts to climb the barriers on to the pitch or surrounding track."

Which is all very well at home—but what are officials (and supporters' clubs) doing about the behaviour of supporters at away games? Are they to continue to allow the loud-mouths to spoil every football match with their foul language and bottle throwing?

Action, by the look of it, is not far off. A top soccer official told me recently that a recent League Management Committee meeting was urged to call for talks with the Northern Ireland Ministry of Home Affairs and the Royal Ulster Constabulary to draw up plans to try and stop the dangerous invasions of the pitch during tense matches—"It's no good waiting until there is a serious riot and innocent people are badly hurt."

The official went on: "It's a great shame that a club whose own supporters are well-behaved should be put to expense they can ill-afford because of the actions of hooligans who turn up with the visiting team. We must get down to a new, more positive approach to the problem."

The two main problems are the changing of ends at half-time and the childish habit of running over the pitch, slobbering all over players and throwing toilet rolls whenever a goal is scored. Once these are stamped out football will, once again, be worth watching.

The other club whose supporters are usually involved in riots—Linfield—is also thinking along the same lines as Glentoran. Although Windsor Park has had wire netting round the pitch for a good many years secretary Harry Wallace said recently that the officials were considering further moves—"It looks like we shall have to add angle bars and a couple of strands of barbed wire at the top."

I'm amazed that sane football supporters cannot watch a game without having to be treated like animals to be caged in. Unfortunately they must be kept under control for the good of the game and, let's face it, for their own good.

With the Ulster Cup only a handful of games old it seemed clear that last season's top team Glentoran would be hard to stop this term. Remember last season they almost cleared the boards by winning the Ulster, Gold and City Cups, Irish League and an Irish Cup final place. This season it could very well be a repeat performance for on their showing in the opening four or five games the Glens look just as strong as ever—and there is certainly no sign yet of fatigue after their energy-sapping 12-match tour of the United States during the summer. Indeed, that highly successful trip seems to have matured the East End club.

If the Glens are as good as, if not better than, they were last season, Crusaders are worse. The Crues were one of the classiest sides in the Irish League last season but topped a grand 10 months by winning the Irish Cup from Glentoran 3-1 in a thrilling final. They landed spots in the finals of the Gold Cup and County Antrim Shield (being beaten on both occasions) and overall were an entertaining and powerful combination.

This season they started without the clever inside-forward Alan McNeill, who went to Middlesbrough for a mere £3,000. Without McNeill's ability to build up an attack, without his inch-perfect passes and inspiring forward play this Crusaders side has lost most of its power.

Certainly the man who will miss McNeill most of all is centre-forward Joe Meldrum. Last season it was McNeill who helped Joe into the goal-scorers' table and without him Joe is completely lost. Indeed the entire forward line now lacks the ability to dictate at what pace a game should be played and, most of all, it lacks a power player who can get goals.

Not the same

Danny Trainor, who went to the States with Glentoran, isn't half the player he was last season. He is a powerful player who could get the goals—if he was on form! It will take time for this side to settle down but in the meantime manager Ted Smyth has a load of troubles.

New goalkeeper Derek Humphries—signed from a reluctant Arsenal—is taking a long time to settle down and in the meantime is far too unsteady to inspire confidence in a generally indifferent defence.

McPolin at half-back and newcomers Fellows and Brush up forward are shaping well—particularly the latter two—and have the makings of exceptionally fine little players. The other man who is having a grand season is veteran half-back McCullough. So well is he playing that, if I were Ted Smyth, I'd push the ball-playing McCullough up into the inside-forward spot to do the sort of job that McNeil did last term and also to add a bit of danger around goal.

But overall the present Crusaders' side isn't a patch on that of last season. The defence is poor and the forwards are clever but without punch—one good man in either department would work wonders for the little club from the Shore Road.

One team who could be dark horses when the League programme gets under way is Derry City. A new-look forward line is hotting things up around Brandywell Road and the City club—quiet for the past season—looks to be on the verge of a dramatic comeback.

There's an interesting twist to the close-season signings made by City's Scots boss Willie Ross—it was back in 1947 that he made a host of new signings and saw his team win the Irish Cup because of it. Needless to say he's looking for a repeat!

Says Ross: "1947 was the year of my biggest signing spree and we struck a rich blend. It was my first season as manager. After the war the club had concentrated on local players who were not doing well. I signed nine new men and five of them helped win the Cup."

Once they settle in the present team could go on to repeat that success for already the City side is commanding a lot of respect.

Back in Belfast—at Grosvenor Park—Distillery are still as poor as ever. In spite of the arrival of new manager Tommy Casey the Whites are struggling as much as they have done for the past couple of seasons with a weak forward line and merely average defence.

"Iron Man" Casey—he joined the Whites towards the end of last term—has a load of troubles on his hands and must mould his side into a more determined outfit if things are to improve at the Park.

He has discovered, however, a useful player in winger O'Hanlon but, like Crusaders, needs one man to round off some good football with goals. The Whites can still serve up the class but lack the punch to put it to good use. Troubled times indeed for Casey!

If Casey has troubles with Distillery they can easily be put right with an amount of luck and effort—but that's not the case with those poor, perpetual strugglers Cliftonville who just don't seem able to bring about a noticeable improvement at Solitude.

They started the Ulster Cup programme with a deserved draw against another club not having the best of fortune—Portadown—but after that heartening start faded so much that in a game a couple of weeks later were hammered by a still inconsistent Ards at Solitude.

Surely the time has come for the League authorities to think seriously about the amateurs' future in the senior league. Sentiment is no longer enough to elect the Reds back into the League season after season—the painful truth is that they just are not good enough for the Irish League. I reckon they should be told to get out and allow a team like Larne Town to bring some competition into the fixtures.

Larne Town are a perfect example of a "B" Division side kept out of the senior league by the shoddy Cliftonville. Town play a more entertaining brand of soccer, have a good ground (which, of course, is not to say that Solitude isn't a good ground. With a bit of work it could be one of the best in Ulster) and attract many more supporters. So why are the Reds allowed to continue in a League they can no longer keep pace with?

Every season sees the same old story—Cliftonville bottom of all the competition tables, beaten in the opening rounds of all the knock-out cups, playing before a handful of spectators, suffering heavy defeat week in, week out. The club has that beaten air about it and all the hard work by the loyal group of supporters is of little use—the team continues to serve up sub-standard soccer.

For a while I was one of their most ardent supporters. There is a place for them in the Irish League I said. They should not be dumped I said. They are Ireland's oldest club and the only true amateur club in the Irish League I said. But after seeing no improvement and no signs of improvement I say now they must pack it in and allow a better club to take their place!

New boss at Shamrock Park, home of Portadown, is Scotsman Jim Conway, who last season made a name for himself as a dangerous centre-forward. During the summer months he did a great Public Relations job for the club with its supporters by throwing open the doors and allowing the customers to see the teams in training. He promised much for the mid-Ulster club—and has yet to fulfil the promises.

Ports are a poor side too. They lack cohesion and skill, they have not the ability to pull back from behind, to keep control of a game they are winning or to last a game out. They are a flabby attacking side and a weak side in defence. For the Ports the future must hold a lot of headaches and for Conway, seeking an inside-forward to bring life to that department of a poor side, a lot of head-scratching before he can hope to develop a fighting team.

With new manager Ewan Fenton—he joined from League of Ireland side Limerick—Linfield could be all set for a better season than last time around when they surrendered their "king of the castle" status to old rivals Glentoran.

Fenton is confident he has the men to put the Windsor Park club back at the top of the heap—I reckon he has too. He's also come up with a gem of a discovery in 16-year-old centre-forward Barry Brown. This clever little player can collect goals with little trouble and can move well on and off the ball. For Fenton the future does seem assured and for Linfield this season's honours are getting closer than ever.

Bangor are a much improved side. Last season was a complete disaster for the Clandeboye club—they won only a handful of games in the entire 10 months and only collected some glory with a good run to the Irish Cup semi-finals—but this season has started well enough and while I cannot honestly see them as potential trophy winners they do seem to be improving as each game comes and goes. They could cause some of the more fancied sides trouble before next May ends the season.

As far as teams like Ballymena United, Glenavon and Ards are concerned this season will probably be the same as last. They are, to copy the well-known phrase, no better they are much the same. Though, if you care for long, long odds, keep an eye on George Eastham's Ards side—they might just do something!

Coleraine are a mystery side—as always. Seldom brilliant, always better than average. They have a forward line—on its day—that can run rings around the best defences and must always be considered for at least one of the trophies.

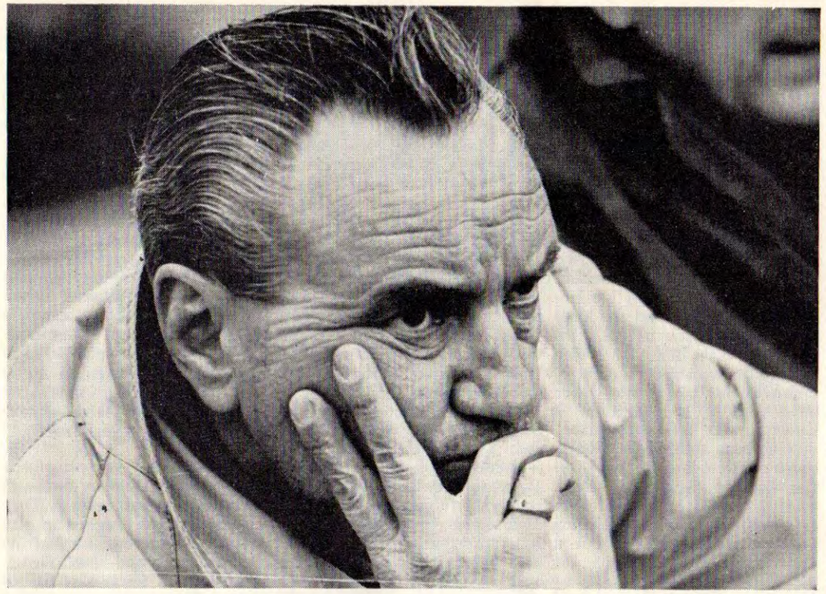
Overall the new season has got off to a good start with much the same sort of gates for the majority of clubs and a slightly, but alas only slightly, higher standard of football.

Power-Points are the boots that give you a secret advantage! They're light, flexible, hard-wearing. The only boots officially recommended by The English Schools Football Association.

Best of all, each pair has *numbered target areas*—each one specially designed to teach you the professional skills of ball control! And to show you how to take full advantage of these unique target areas, Power-Points come with an instructional *free colour booklet*. It's written by a Senior F.A. Staff Coach and cram-full of tips that'll do wonders for your game. Hurry and get your pair of Power-Points. You'll find they make winning football easy!

Power-Points come in full sizes to fit all boys:
Boy's sizes 11-1 54/11d,
2-5 59/11d.
Youth sizes 6-11 69/11d.

For any further information write, enclosing a S.A.E. to: **The British Bata Shoe Company Limited (POWER-POINTS Department) East Tilbury, Essex**



KAROLY SOOS — East Germany's National coach. (O.)

East Germany's Man of Destiny

Portrait of KAROLY SOOS

THOSE who know him well call him Karl, the usual German derivative from Karel. His passport with the national emblem of the Hungarian Peoples' Republic says: Karoly Soos. He is a soccer coach and his name is associated with a scope of duties involving responsibilities of particular importance: Karoly is the chief coach of the Deutscher Fussballverband, the German Democratic Republic's soccer association, and he devotes himself to its national team as well as to the country's quadrennial pick for the Olympics.

DESPITE ALL PESSIMISM ...

Some explanation appears necessary here: For many years soccer in the German Democratic Republic was ailing, both for lack of good performances and of firm and purposeful leadership. This was so until a day about six years ago, when the road to success was finally ventured. Karoly was among those who boldly confronted the country's soccer community with the great challenge of boosting the prestige of East German soccer in the international arena. It took much courage to do so in a situation which pessimists described as entirely hopeless.

Karoly Soos is a man of courage, taking even a risk now and then, but always convinced of the cause he stands for.

In many a situation I have been able to admire Karoly Soos and many a time it astounded me to see this vivacious and yet amazingly calm man in his middle fifties command the varying situations with a truly masterly sense, be it with spontaneous sympathy, impatience, or solicitude.

Many episodes are indelibly imprinted on my mind: When GDR international Klaus Urbanczyk of Halle kicked the 2-0 winning goal for the German Democratic Republic in the elimination for the Olympic tickets against Poland in Warsaw, Karoly spontaneously hurried on the lawn and kissed him with a father's affection for his brilliant son. A few months later at the Tokyo Olympics he is cheered by his bronze-winning team.

Back in Berlin, he attends the special State Council reception in honour of the Olympic participants. Decorated with the National Distinguished Service Order, he is invited to chat with head of state Walter Ulbricht.

COACH AND FRIEND ALIKE

I watched him coaching his players. He is very exacting and intolerant of any waste of time. He also gives them a good scolding now and then, and many a story in this respect has gone the round of the soccer community. But when all is said and done he has always been what may well be described as a fatherly friend.

One has come to like this man Karoly Soos, with all his peculiarities. In poor games, he flares up quickly. Snapshots of him during games and TV fade-in close-ups on the coach's bench speak volumes. But how such a judgment can be misleading shows a truly classic example provided during the thrilling match in the European Championship preliminaries between the German Democratic Republic and the Netherlands in Leipzig last April. After a poor performance by the German team, the Dutch held a reassuring 2-0 lead at half-time. One of Karoly Soos's severe sermons seemed inevitable. There was dead silence in the recreation-room. And then came his calm remark: "If you keep playing that way you're going to lose. You've often proved you can do better. Nothing's lost yet." After the match a volley of cheers broke forth for players and coach. The German Democratic Republic had won 4-3.

TIGHT CORNER

Obviously, whenever the GDR team played the Hungarian eleven it was not easy for Karoly Soos to make duty prevail over natural emotions being heart and soul a Hungarian, and yet being the one who fielded a German team who were very near to barring his fellow-countrymen the road to the world championship. You could only guess what was going on inside him but he never wasted a word on it. He would merely say: "Now it's entirely up to you to go or not to go to England. You know you'll have to win. I have done for you all I could, now do your part."

NO EXAGGERATION

In a few weeks hence both the Hungarian and the German Democratic Republic's national teams are scheduled to meet again, and it is no exaggeration to state that the German team is highly respected in Hungary and that many of Karoly's countrymen raise a warning finger: "Keep your eyes peeled, the Soos's GDR team is coming." One more proof that the German Democratic Republic's soccer players have succeeded in building up a fine international reputation. Today GDR soccer is on all tongues.

★ JOACHIM PFITZNER

A NEW-LOOK INTER TO SURPRISE

AS far as Italy is concerned all the shouting is over. All the transfers, and rumours of transfers, have been settled. Now to get down to the deadly serious business of the league again.

Pretty well all Continental countries operate a transfer "season" like Italy—a restricted couple of weeks during the summer, followed by another week or two in late autumn when—theoretically — earlier mistakes can be remedied. But no other country, and no other clubs, ever succeed in creating quite such a fuss, and such huge and intricate dealings, as the Italians.

Taking into account the loan-system, personal rivalries inside clubs, and rivalries between two clubs in the same city, the players become nothing more nor less than pawns in the great game played by their clubs' presidents.

Consider the case of Saul Malatrasi. A tall, sensible player, whom the Italians term "jolly"—though this merely means he is jack-of-all-positions, and master of most of them.

He came to prominence with Fiorentina in the early 'sixties, then in 1963, when Roma embarked on the last of the great free-spending sprees, went to the capital. Roma had to sell everyone a year later to pay for their recklessness, and so Malatrasi was pushed off to Inter. It seemed the perfect set-up. Malatrasi could deputise for every defender, and did so. At one point Herrera was contemplating excluding Picchi, Malatrasi had deputised for him so ably.

Two years Malatrasi stayed at Inter. He seemed a fixture. Then last summer, when Herrera was taking his time returning from the World Cup, Inter secretary Allodi sold Malatrasi (to Serie B Lecco of all clubs!) behind Herrera's back.

In the past Herrera has usually presented Moratti with a list of players he wants purchased, and then gone away and left the rest to Il Presidente. However, this summer (whilst Malatrasi was returning to AC Milan!) revolt broke out in the Inter ranks.

Skipper Picchi "had a go"—verbally—at Herrera. Immediately Herrera flew back from Spain where he was on holiday to present Moratti with an ultimatum: "Either I go, or Picchi goes."

Picchi went to Varese for about £60,000.

Inter's businessmen were now thinking hard about juggling players they could sell against the cost of the players Herrera wanted bought. Picchi had gone, and Jair, restricted of late to reserve ranks, went to Roma. Vinicio — a not too-unexpected failure—went back to Vicenza where everyone plays for him, and Mauro Bicicli went with him. A couple of other nonentities left as well.

So who could Inter buy? A left-winger from Lecco named Bonfanti, whose signing caused a great deal of speculation amongst the journalists haunting Milan's Gallia Hotel where all the transactions take place, as to whether Herrera was going to settle for two orthodox wingers. Was he planning to move Suarez back into defence, Mazzola into midfield with Corso, have a more balanced-looking side?

The upfield striker was expected to be Cappellini. But here Inter made a gamble, and bought Bologna's Danish centre-forward Harald Nielsen. The faithful Guarneri was exiled in part-exchange. Having paid plenty for Nielsen the big question is whether he can succeed in a position where Inter have never regularly had a "name". Di Giacomo, Milani, Domenghini, the exuberant Peiro, and Cappellini, have all accepted that Mazzola is number one goal-getter, and worked for him. Will Nielsen? Perhaps his successes at Bologna whilst alongside such aces as Bulgarelli, Haller, and Pascutti, suggest that he can fit in at Inter where Vinicio failed.

Dotti, a defender, was signed from Lazio, though it is expected that young Spartaco Landini will fill the gap left by Guarneri's departure. Inter also purchased Ferruccio Mazzola, and took the soul out of the Lazio forward line by plucking the young and highly-promising Vito D'Amato. Finally—the real surprise—Victor Benitez came from Venezia.

Peruvian international Benitez came to Italy from Boca Juniors in the spring of 1963 to become one of the mainstays of the Milan team that won the European Cup that year. But when Milan signed Amarildo in that summer, because of the *stranieri* regulations they passed Benitez off on loan. He went to Messina, and single-handed saved that club from relegation. His efforts earned him a recall to Milan for a year before being packed off to Venezia. Now he returns to Milan a third time, but to Inter. As a reserve.

Nielsen and Suarez are Inter's two regular *stranieri*. His signing may mean that Herrera does want to move Suarez deep into defence, and if he fails and has to be dropped, have a ready replacement. But this seems all extremely unlikely, so my guess is that Inter feel that Benitez may be of use to them in the late autumn transfer bargainings.

Because in the Gallia Hotel Inter failed to lay hands on two players Herrera is rumoured to be very keen to have on the pay-roll: Fiorentina's Bertini, and Bologna's Pascutti.

Inter offered Fiorentina Bedin plus a substantial cash balance for the services of Bertini. The Florentina club, however, aren't parting with any of their youngsters, and flatly refused the Inter offer. As for Pascutti, Herrera has been after him for a couple of years, but after sacrificing Guarneri in bringing Nielsen to Milan, Moratti apparently felt his club didn't have the resources to meet Bologna's valuation of the player in question.

But there's still time. At the present Inter's *rosa* is: goalkeepers—Sarti and Miniussi; defenders—Burgnich, Bedin, Landini, Dotti, Facchetti, Benitez; links—Suarez, Corso, Domenghini, Poli; strikers — D'Amato, Mazzola, Nielsen, Cappellini, Bonfanti, Mazzola II, Colausig.

As assistant Herrera will have Maino Neri. Neri—a mainstay of the Inter defence which won the Championship in 1953 and 1954—left Inter two years to go "solo". He had a poor time at Modena and Lazio, and is doubtless happy to be back.

It could all add up to a fine re-awakening at Inter. They could have done without the recent humiliations, but the defeats by Celtic and Juventus may prove blessings in disguise.

★ KEIR RADNEDGE

Renato Cappellini had his best season to date in 1966-7. Can he improve on this during 1967-8? (Met.)

Leslie Vernon interviews . . . "RUDI" ILLOVSKY →

Double duties

"THERE will not be any unbeaten teams in the First Division tonight. Ferencvaros will lose," said the taxi-driver to me on a very hot Sunday morning in Budapest a few weeks ago. I was visiting the Hungarian capital in connection with the Gt. Britain v. Hungary athletic meeting which took place at the very same weekend that the "autumn" football season started.

The attention of the population was divided between keeping cool in the heat wave and talking about the Tatabanya-Ferencvaros match which was to be played in the small mining town. I am sorry to say that very few people cared about the athletics — a double British victory in the almost deserted Nepstadion. Even during the meeting in the stadium itself the football-crazy Hungarians were either listening to the broadcast of the match on their transistors, or, the lucky ones, including yours truly, were watching the game live on TV in one of the luxurious backrooms of this superb sports centre.

The athletics on Saturday also had strong "support" from football. In fact the day's programme was completed by the Vasas v. MTK League match. Two great attractions for the price of one! Sounds good, but in reality it was a six-hour stint in the suffocating heat completely uninterrupted by entertainment!

It was particularly sad for me to see an MTK team devoid of any class, ambition, personality. The blue and whites have a glorious past in Hungarian football with players like Orth, Shaeffer, Sas, Sandor and Hidegkuti wearing their colours. The present team with a built-in inferiority complex regarded Vasas as unbeatable, so their pitiful aim was to keep down the number of goals conceded. The champions won easily 3-0, Janos Farkas showing much-improved form in a scheming role.

I had the opportunity to see Vasas again the following week when they had a much harder game at Szeged, a good class mid-table provincial team. This was much better entertainment, Vasas playing extremely well, winning 4-1.

I liked adventurous attacking full-back, Ihasz, solid, constructive wing-half Mathesz and the goalscoring ability of Puskas. It is generally acknowledged in Budapest football circles that the great improvement in the champions' form and their new-found zest and enthusiasm for the game is due to the reappointment of Rudolf Illovsky as team manager.

Illovsky, the quiet man of Hungarian football, left Vasas to take over the national team following the World Cup. After a disastrous spring campaign, the Vasas management demoted Csordas to the juniors and persuaded Illovsky to take over the first team once again, thus making him one of the very few officials in the world today, who are responsible not only for the national team, but also for a prominent club side.

I went to see the 44-year-old "Rudi" Illovsky, an ex-international winger, in the "Vasas House". This building, converted from a block of flats and situated in the centre of the city, houses the offices and boardrooms of the club. It is also used for lectures, film-shows and social gatherings —a very useful and practical centre for running a vast sports organisation like Vasas, which caters for more than twenty different branches of sport, apart from football.

"Rudi" and I were sitting in the "trophy" room on the ground floor drinking the inevitable black coffee, the Central European equivalent to a "nice cup of tea". The walls of this room are covered with flags from all over the world. Those of Internazionale Milan and Tottenham Hotspur are hanging peacefully side by side. Illovsky, primarily a coach, has achieved much as a manager. Under his guidance, Vasas won the Championship three times, the Mitropa Cup twice, and the national team is undefeated since the World Cup.

"How can you cope with two 'full-time' jobs?"

Loyalty

"My first loyalty is still to the national team — the Hungarian FA pays my wages. But I also find time to look after the first team of Vasas. As you know, most of the players in the national squad come from three clubs — Ferencvaros, Ujpesti Dozsa and us. I am in constant touch with Karoly Lakat and Lajos Baroti, the managers of the other two teams, and rely on their information concerning their players. I would like to make it clear that I am only responsible for the full international team and for the Division I side of Vasas, so my energies are not over-taxed and my two duties are not incompatible."

"How do you see your team's chances in Europe?"

"I do not like to look too far ahead. Our immediate aim is to qualify for the last eight in the European Championship. Our past record against East Germany is excellent, I am confident that the name of Hungary will be in the hat for the quarter-final draw. This EC will develop into a 'mini-World Cup', and we are determined to regain some of our lost prestige through it.—They tell me that Vasas has easy opposition in the Champions' Cup. There are very few teams in that competition which can be regarded as sub-standard, and Dundalk is not one of them! We have great respect for the 'British-type' football. The main characteristics are perfect physical condition and good fighting spirit. Dundalk will provide a tough test for us, but I am optimistic about our chances."

"4-2-4 or 4-3-3? What is more important—the aptitude of the players or the system?"

"I introduced the 4-2-4 into Hungarian football in 1965. It was widely attacked for being too rigid, inflexible, but we won two championship titles with it. Now the more fluent 4-3-3 is the fashion, but I consider that the ability of the players at my disposal should be the deciding factor. Vasas have changed to 4-3-3 in the last few matches because I withdrew Farkas into a midfield position. He had a mediocre 'spring' season, but now with greater freedom on the field he is regaining his old confidence. A good coach should always look for something new, exciting, revolutionary."

"You seem to be reluctant to vary the personnel of the national squad, don't you believe in changes?"

"It is very important to develop the national team as an effective unit. I do not copy anybody, but I agree with the Ramsey principle, that players should not be discarded after one or two poorer performances. Albert had a bad match v. Holland in the EC and the Press demanded his omission from the next game. I persevered with him, and now he is playing brilliantly, as though the link-man' role was specially invented for him!"

Agree?

"Do you agree with the new substitute rule?"

"Yes. The crowd is entitled to see two complete teams in action for ninety minutes. I do not anticipate many tactical changes. This is a two-edged weapon. A player coming on the pitch during a game needs time to adjust himself to the pace and atmosphere of the match. Substitutes seldom give outstanding performances. I will only take a player off if he is genuinely injured."

"The future of football?"

"Football is like fashion, always changing, but the old ideas have a habit of cropping up again. It would not surprise me to see the 'five-man' forward-line making a popular comeback soon. I am often told that we Hungarians have a duty to carry the torch of constructive, classical football as a bright example to the rest of the world. This sounds fine in principle, but one has to be realistic, results are still very important. At the moment we are short of a suitable outside-left, but I promise, through the pages of 'World Soccer', that as soon as I have five forwards good enough to play in the national team, Hungary will play all-out attacking football."

An optimistic note to end on. Now all we have to do is—wait. . .

Man in the Middle's Views

"Referees' Chart" a Misnomer

by SIDNEY CLARKSON

IT has always seemed a misnomer to me to title the official laws of the game of football as a "Referees' Chart" with the sub-title "and Players' guide to the laws of the game". There is surely one set of rules that apply to the game whether played or administered. But for a change let us direct our attention not on the ills of the present but the hope for the future — the aspiring youngster setting out at the start of his controlling experience. Let us apply the rules as they stand to him.

1. Field of play. In the book one may read the permissible dimensions of the pitch but in another way we suggest the young ref's field may well be a rough unmarked field inviting argument over ball in or out of play, with a crude changing shack. His influence or "field of play" may well profoundly touch those under his control. A sympathetic ref once found his "field" extended to the local hospital where one of the players injured during his game had been taken.

2. The ball. Before a critical election, Mr. McMillan, then Prime Minister, said to his prospective Conservative candidates —"The ball is in your court", meaning that full responsibility for action and statement was vested in the person and not exclusively the Party.

3. Players. Certainly not more than eleven on the field at a time but here in the West Riding are more than 200 "players" or whistlers in each grade of refereeing. Take away those that are inactive and the total is well short of the 500 needed to staff every game. The young ref will aim to be in the top grade as soon as possible by *what* he knows and not *whom*, and to aspire if worthy to take those "plums" in his area that are available in the shape of play-offs for trophies, and promotion through "feeder" Leagues.

APPLICATION

4. Equipment. Of a referee should be the best he can afford in the way of clothing, flags, watch and tackle. His next best "equipment" will be a thorough knowledge and application of the laws so that the game is kept flowing and by repute he gets a name for giving service and pleasure to players and spectators alike.

5. Duties of a referee. Will be to join his association, attend meetings and take office where possible and do all for the prestige of the game and of refereeing.

6. Linesmen. The man with the flag is one third of the official administration and, when neutral, can count himself as an "apprentice referee". Let the ambitious youngster keen to get into the middle consider the words of an experienced official who said he preferred the middle only because the duties on the line when properly done were too fast for him! To perform well there is quite exacting with hair-line decisions to be made often speedily.

7. Duration of the game. As defined by the Football League, are to the age of 47 years. Yet you know there is a great need in youth and junior football for the wise guiding "old-hand". Some of us, well beyond this arbitrary age limit, intend to keep on as long as our legs will carry and our enjoyment of the game lasts. A well-known referee said his attitude to the game should be that of a hobby. When it became a burden and anxiety then that was the time to relinquish responsibility of that status. It takes a great and wise man to be able to climb down or stand back.

8. Start of play. Begins at the moment he accepts his appointment and ends only when report card is posted.

9. Ball in and out of play. Is clearly stated in the booklet. But applying these rules as we are, let's say that the referee is always "in the play" and whether he stops the flow or not, always has his eye and knows all that's going on. It is his job to return the ball after the game, and as official perhaps to ask for the ball if it has gone on to private property. (Note this is in the unwritten law 18.)

RELIABILITY

10. Method of scoring. Is by quick and fair decisions given without fear or favour. In building up a name for reliability our young ref is always firm but friendly.

11. Offside. Is an important facet in the game but not with its official who has no "offside". For no man can afford to be stand-offish or feel out of place in this game.

12. A foul and misconduct. On the part of the referee [illegible] criticise another in uninformed company, or to pontificate upon a point without all relevant facts.

PLENTIFUL

13. Free-kicks. From spectators and even the Press will be plentiful. It seems now part of the traditions of the game to "gun" the ref. Our young ref could hardly believe his ears when he was told by a club secretary he was "the best they had had this season" — and then he realised it was the first match of the new campaign!

14. Penalties. May be expected as part and parcel of the game. The office means giving up some friends and maybe other hobbies, with certainly the abandoning of partisan notions so that one may be scrupulously fair.

15. Throw-in. To the game, we urge the young man, your own personality and effort. Treat it as an enjoyable pastime but use it as a means of making friends and breaking down barriers of class, nationality and creed in a common love and interest in this world-wide game.

16. Goal-kick comes after a miss. We may miss our own target but let's back up the chap who does make the grade and encourage those on the way.

17. Corner-kick is well known in the rules. But as referees let us "stand our corner".

Our zeal for the game will make us seek out others in it, so that by exchange of ideas there is that desirable standardisation of interpretation. The game we gave to the world is thus left a little better than we found it.

Whether we like it or not we are in a small way "ambassadors" for good or ill in matters of sportsmanship and fair play.

DISCRIMINATING SOCCER FANS READ
SOCCER STAR
the sport's independent magazine 1/3
★ Line-ups of all English and Scottish League games, gossip, news, pictures, features and statistics
★ 4-Colour cover every week

SOCCER STAR

BRITAIN'S EXCLUSIVE SOCCER MAG

now has a completely 'new look'

★ **COVER IN COLOURS! 4** ★

But same price – only 1/3

THE new soccer season is now in full swing, and SOCCER STAR, Britain's independent soccer magazine, is offering superb coverage of all that is happening everywhere, in pictures and words. SOCCER STAR is printed on better paper with an exclusive 4 colour cover picture every week. Old and new readers will be delighted with the "new look" SOCCER STAR. Buy a copy and see for yourselves.

Use this Order Form ▶

Avoid disappointment– order your copy today

SOCCER STAR ★

To NEWSAGENT:
Please reserve/deliver SOCCER STAR to me every week, as published.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If experiencing any difficulty in obtaining SOCCER STAR, please write to the Circulation Manager, SOCCER STAR, Sutherland House, 5/6 Argyll Street, London, W.1, giving the name and address of your newsagent. We will then ensure that these difficulties are dispensed with.